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(A Literary Supplement will appear with the next number.)

CHRONICLE.

THE "Daily Chronicle" was the first paper to announce that the Sultan had accepted the minimized reforms insisted upon by Lord Salisbury, and that the Armenian question was thus laid to rest. Some say that the Armenians have gained nothing by all the trouble they have caused; we are none the less delighted that the matter has been settled. Lord Salisbury was well advised in taking in the sails which Lord Rosebery spread to catch the winds of popular favour. Even if our co-workers were trustworthy, the condition of things in Constantinople is such as to give any English Prime Minister pause. The fanaticism of the Turk is like air—when compressed it becomes an explosive—and it is not worth our while to run the risk of a European war for the Armenians.

The great question in France at the present moment seems to be whether they shall annex Madagascar or establish a protectorate over it. But as General Duchesne has treated with the Queen, and as it has been decided to keep her at least as a nominal ruler, a protectorate seems to be the only possible solution. As the Queen, however, will be a mere puppet in the hands of her French advisers, who are already thinking of providing her with a new husband (they have determined, it seems, to banish her present one, the Prime Minister Rainilaiarivony, to the island of Réunion, and thus effect a convenient divorce), the protectorate in name will be an annexation in reality. The question has had no interest or actuality save for the small band of officials who hope to get employment under the new Government. The vast majority of Frenchmen are content to know that peace has been concluded.

Intrigue and conspiracy, always frequent in Söul, have been unusually active since the Japanese occupation came to complicate a political situation already sufficiently intricate. Ministry after Ministry has been tried; but Japanese projects of reform make no real progress. Count Inouyé is said, indeed, to have declared that no reforms can be expected until the Japanese in Corea have reformed their own conduct towards the people whose independence they profess to desire. But the *émeute* which has resulted in the murder of the queen derives more than usual significance both from the alleged implication of Japanese *soshi*—political bravoës of the class that planned the assassination of Li Hung-chang—and from the evident connivance of the old Tai-won-kun, who is so considerable a personality that the Japanese selected him at once for the post of Chief Minister, after they took charge, last year, of the country. Less attention would, perhaps, be

paid to a state of unrest which we have come to regard as normal, were it not for the opportunity of forming a party which Russia may find in the turmoil. Fear of Russia was notoriously a leading motive for Japanese intervention; and fear that the Coreans may turn to Russia for protection is probably the reason for the more considerate behaviour recently adopted by the Japanese towards the Corean Court.

It has rained peerages this week—Sir Algernon Borthwick, Baron de Worms, and Mr. Plunket, are all by Royal patent to pass into the Upper House. Lords Glenkorke and Pirbright will scarcely be missed from the Commons; but in whatever assembly David Plunket may sit, whether on a green or a red bench, whether he cry "Mr. Speaker" or "My Lords," he can never be insignificant. Byron declared he had never heard a speaker who came near his idea of oratory except Grattan, and he had the action of a harlequin. No one who has not heard David Plunket speak can have an idea of the oratory of the House of Commons; for, after all, the speaking of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Asquith, excellent as it is, is only a superior form of debating. But David Plunket's speaking, when he is in the vein, is what oratory should be, something between poetry and prose, with a purpose and function of its own. His voice is very sweet, and has sometimes a passionate pleading ring that stirs one like fine music; and he chooses his words, too, with the ease and tact of a literary artist.

Mr. Plunket is the only living Irishman who can speak pathetically about his country without being ridiculous or exaggerated. He has, as is well known, a serious impediment in his utterance, but when he has prepared a speech the stammer disappears, and when he is answering a question impromptu it adds piquancy to his jests. Some one asked him, when he was First Commissioner of Works, whether he would provide a dressing-room in the House of Commons. "I can well understand," stuttered David Plunket, "that it may sometimes be convenient for p-politicians to change their g-garments." Socially he is infinitely winning, but he is too indolent and too fastidious for the cut-throat competition of modern politics. It is understood, however, that he will continue to take an active part in politics, and the House of Lords will be a more congenial arena for this graceful, handsome Irishman, who is another of the childless peers, for he is a bachelor, and without wealth.

There are two perfectly safe seats now going abegging: East Toxteth and Dublin University. The former will want a candidate with some money, for suburban constituencies are notoriously the most greedy. But is it too much to hope that one or other or both of these constituencies will contribute something to the ability of

the House, if only to relieve the dullness of the crowd of hopeless mediocrities who came in on the flood-tide last summer? There is a person called the local candidate, who is responsible for the fact that the House of Commons is the dullest and most parochial Parliament in the world. A local candidate is one who is unknown outside the locality, and he is generally strong in a provincial city like Liverpool. Mr. R. G. C. Mowbray, who, to the surprise of everybody, was beaten in the Prestwich division last summer, has been talked of in connection with East Toxteth. Mr. Mowbray is a son of Sir John Mowbray, and a Fellow of All Souls. He is, of course, well educated, has plenty of common sense, and is a safe party man. Provided he is under no engagement to contest Prestwich, he would be an excellent candidate, and he would save us from the local solicitor or alderman.

The idea that Mr. W. H. Lecky should represent Dublin University is amusing enough. Fancy that solemn, absent-minded face and the gaunt, uncouth figure stalking about the lobbies at midnight, vainly endeavouring to find out from Mr. Walrond or Mr. Ellis what the division is about! As a rule, men of letters are not successful in the House of Commons. Gibbon had the sense to hold his tongue, and amused himself by composing periods while Pitt and Fox were banging the table. But Stuart Mill tried to debate, and was a hopeless failure, drawing from Robert Lowe the remark, "We do not want philosophers in the House." Professor Jebb, by the way, who represents Cambridge University, is quite a rhetorician in his method of addressing the House. He has the tact to speak solely on university and educational questions, and his speeches are good, though a trifle too elaborate for the taste of the House, which prefers pointed conversation to academic essays. Mr. W. H. Lecky is, of course, a distinguished man, and though he could make no mark in Parliament, he will be a great deal better than one of the Q.C.s who are struggling to succeed Mr. Plunket.

Mr. Gerald Balfour has just made an important speech to his constituents in Leeds. Speaking some time ago of Mr. Gerald Balfour and of the way in which he consulted the leading members of the Irish party, we said that the proofs he was giving of fairness of mind and of kindness afforded fair ground for hope that during his tenure of office he might do something to create and strengthen better relations between the English and Irish peoples. We are glad to see that Mr. Balfour seems to recognize this as the main object of his endeavour. He has spent the last weeks in travelling through the poor and congested districts of Ireland, and he says, "Everywhere I have been well received, and even cordially-received. I do not wish to build too much upon that. . . . But I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that I do notice a real and important change in the spirit of the people of Ireland. I think they are gradually becoming tired of political agitation. I think they are beginning to feel that they will do better to turn their energies to some projects by which they will obtain material benefit for themselves, and I am sure that they are prepared to receive in a kindly spirit, a spirit of welcome, anything which Parliament may be able to do for them. This change, which is, in the first instance, a change amongst the body of the Irish people, has gradually extended itself to their political leaders also, and I believe I shall find, and that Parliament will find in any endeavours it may make for benefiting Ireland, some measure of co-operation from those who, in Parliament itself, have, up to the present time, been most hostile towards us; and this I regard as a great step in advance."

All discussion as to whether or not Mr. Asquith can, or will, or ought to practise at the Bar must now cease, as the late Home Secretary has actually been briefed in the Langtry jewel case for the bank, and in the action of Chance against the "Freeman's Journal." As we anticipated in these columns some weeks ago, Sir George Lewis has come to the support of Mr. Asquith, and one at any rate of these briefs emanates from Ely Place.

How these Radicals do back one another up in every walk of life! Much curiosity is felt as to how Mr. Asquith will acquit himself. It is one thing to rise from the Treasury Bench, and, leaning with leisurely dignity on the iron-bound box, to deliver to a House packed by the Whips a carefully prepared oration on an Imperial theme; it is another thing to wrangle with paid and therefore disrespectful opponents in a small room before a peppery or sleepy Judge. The Minister may polish his epigrams at leisure, and place them where he pleases; he is certain of the "hear, hears" of his own side, the courtly compliments of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and the sycophantic praise of a partisan Press in the morning. But substitute Mr. Gill for the Radical stalwarts, Mr. Justice Cave for Mr. Balfour, and the law report for the leader in the "Daily News," and it is obvious that the conditions are so changed that the most brilliant parliamentarian might come to grief.

The growth of town as contrasted with rural population is the characteristic of the railway era; and the movement grows in much the same proportionate ratio as the railways increase in speed. We have already drawn attention to this fact in regard to Britain and the United States, and we have now before us the figures necessary to appreciate the movement in France. In 1875 there were in France 25 millions of peasants and 12 million inhabitants of towns. To-day the urban population has increased to 14½ millions, while the rural population has fallen to 24 millions. Though the movement is far slower in France than it is in Great Britain, slower even than it is in the United States, it yet manages to excite French apprehensions to a degree not shared by Anglo-Saxondom. The defeat of 1870 roused the French to the fact that they were being surpassed by other peoples in the struggle for existence, and they are now keenly alive to every symptom of degeneracy, whereas the typical Englishman only shrugs his shoulders when he hears of the swarms of rickety children in the East End and the migration and even the emigration of the stalwart agricultural labourers. Nevertheless, progress downwards is dangerous.

We have read nothing more amusing for a long time than Sir Edward Malet's speech in Berlin on the Diplomatic Service. A good many years ago Sir E. Malet was characterized as the diplomatist who at Cairo, in the heat of an Egyptian summer, received visitors in the regulation frock-coat buttoned up to the chin. "Conventionalities are his conscience" was a friend's description of him, and, being born in the country of conventionalities, he has had his reward. He could never have done in Egypt what Lord Cromer has done, and so he was removed and sent upstairs, because it was impossible to send one downstairs who always did what he was told and nothing more. At length he married a daughter of the House of Bedford and so came to great place. Still, he feels that it is ability and not good fortune which has brought him honour, and he gave vent to this opinion in the speech to which we allude at Berlin.

He began by declaring that in the Diplomatic Service "the greatest ability may be concealed beneath a bushel"; and lest one should be in doubt as to whom he referred, he went on modestly: "it is our duty to proceed noiselessly on our course." He then proceeded to elaborate a simile which will excite much irreverent amusement: "The world is a huge body clad in a garment of States. We diplomats, studded all over the earth, are the unobtrusive buttons which hold these garments together. As long as we perform this function satisfactorily we pass unnoticed, because the garments continue to sit properly. It is only when we break loose or come off that we become an object of attention and discussion." We thank Sir Edward Malet for teaching us the word. Whatever other diplomats may be like, there can be no doubt that his button-simile is applicable to himself. Hard and small and smooth, he has devoted himself to the service of propriety with eminent success. He has come off, it is true, more than once, and generally in critical moments, but he has always been sewn on again, thanks to his irreproachable appearance.

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The question whether our colonies should contribute to the maintenance of the navy to which they look for protection seems in a fair way to be at length decided. The Treasurers of Cape Colony have just declared publicly that the Colony "ought to and could, in connection with the other colonies, contribute to the cost of the Imperial Navy." It is suggested at the Cape, a writer in the "Times" tells us, that the contribution should take the form of two men-of-war to be presented to the Imperial Navy without any of the hampering conditions which are held to paralyze the efficiency of the Australian squadron. But while we like to see this evidence of generosity at the Cape, and of a healthy rivalry in rightdoing between our various colonies, we are yet inclined to believe that it would be more in harmony with the instincts of the English people if our colonists were encouraged to set up little navies of their own, which would be certain in case of war to co-operate with our fleets. The Australasians are already showing signs that they would prefer this manner of contributing to the general scheme of defence, and in itself we regard it as preferable. If our colonies agree to contribute their just quota to the navy of one-quarter, can any one doubt that some Chancellor of the Exchequer, desirous of a cheap reputation, would quickly find out that three-quarters was enough for the purposes of his Budget? Whereas, if each of our colonies has its own ships, we shall still be compelled to keep up the Imperial Navy as if it were our sole resource, and thus in time of war we shall have an agreeable addition to our force. Each colony would take an interest in making its own ships efficient, while nine out of ten of them would in process of time grow tired of contributing to the Imperial navy.

Sir Edward Clarke is about to be appointed Her Majesty's Judge Advocate-General. Of that there can no longer be any doubt, as Sir Edward told his constituents the other day that he might to-morrow be appointed to "another office on the front bench of a legal character." It is certainly very unusual for a leader at the bar of Sir Edward Clarke's position to take this post; but it may well be that the Member for Plymouth is ambitious of the dignity of a Privy Councillor, with which, for some inscrutable reason, the Judge Advocate-General is always invested. Sir Edward has also probably discovered the disadvantage of having to address the House of Commons from a back bench, with your notes in your hat and your glass of water placed on your seat, to your own immediate peril when you have fallen back at the close of a thrilling peroration. It is wonderful how respectfully, not to say greedily, platitudes are swallowed by the House when delivered from the front bench, and Sir Edward Clarke would be more or less than human if he did not wish to regain that position of vantage.

When Candide and Pangloss approached the Turkish philosopher with the innocent inquiry, "Master, we are come to beg you to tell us why so strange an animal as man has been created?" they were met with the reply, "De quoi te mêles-tu? est-ce là ton affaire?" "But what is to be done about all this misery?" pursued Pangloss. "Hold your tongue," answered the dervish. And so says Mr. Newton to the unfortunate persons who come to Marlborough Police Court hoping for justice. He is one of those magistrates who make matters easy for themselves and very uncomfortable for the public, by always supporting the police. The streets over which he presides are, in one respect at least, admittedly the most disgraceful in Europe, and their state is due in part at least to the connivance of the police. A man cannot walk along Piccadilly or turn the corners into Regent Street after eleven o'clock at night without being accosted, and often pulled about, by unfortunates. If he appeals to the police for protection, he is told to move on, and if he insists he stands no little danger of being "run in" and charged with being disorderly, or even drunk.

This is almost exactly what happened to Professor Ray Lankester a few nights ago. He had asked a woman some innocent question in regard to a disturbance which was going on near by. He was forthwith "moved on" by

a zealous policeman, and when he objected to being treated as a loafer, he was promptly "run in." Next morning he appeared with his solicitor, Sir George Lewis, before Mr. Newton. A policeman swore that Professor Lankester seemed to be drunk. Sir George Lewis wanted this curious statement noted; but Mr. Newton told Sir George Lewis he would not be bluffed, turned a deaf ear to everything urged by the defence, and completed this parody of justice by binding over Professor Ray Lankester, a man of European reputation, to keep the peace in his own recognizances of £10, just as if he were a rowdy corner boy.

This must not be regarded as an exceptional case. Mr. Newton's rudeness and injustice have passed into a proverb. We have received many complaints on the subject, and a distinguished correspondent has written to us declaring that "an association for the protection of the public against the police is necessary." This, however, it seems to us, is treating the matter too seriously. The unfortunate irritability and partisanship of one magistrate do not afford sufficient reason for the formation of such a society. Besides, Mr. Newton has gone a little too far this time. He has opened all our eyes by his treatment of Professor Ray Lankester, and it will probably be some time before he dares to appear again in his favourite rôle of the Turkish philosopher who was the butt of Voltaire's wit.

Are there five righteous in the City?—not among newspaper editors in London, it would seem. In our last week's issue we announced the facts that Sir Algernon Borthwick had been made a peer, that his patent had been signed by the Queen a month ago, that the title he had chosen was that of Baron Glencorse, and that his seat in Kensington was to be handed over by previous arrangement to Lord Warkworth, eldest son of Earl Percy and grandson of the Duke of Northumberland, a youth of twenty-four, whose eloquence is, of course, remarkable. The "Daily Chronicle" published a part of our article immediately, with due acknowledgments. The other daily papers ignored our information till Tuesday morning, when they could copy the official announcement of the fact. Then the "Times," "Daily News," and "Standard," following the traditions of English journalism, gave their readers the bare announcement, without informing them of Sir Algernon's title or copying any of our information; these papers preferred to show ignorance rather than acknowledge indebtedness. The "Daily Telegraph," however, displayed keener journalistic instinct and less honesty; it annexed some of the facts we had been the first to publish without any acknowledgment whatever, but "gave itself away" by reproducing carefully the solitary error into which we had fallen,

We are sorry that unscrupulous cunning should have caught such a fall. Though the "Daily Telegraph" is far from having the greatest circulation in the world, it trades on the general ignorance, and boldly publishes the untruth. In like spirit it conveys our information to its own columns, and copies the mis-statement that Sir Algernon Borthwick had reduced the price of the "Morning Post" from 3d. to 1d., instead of from 2d. to 1d., and thus convicts itself. This little incident allows us to compare the tone and manners of the Paris Press with that of London journalism, greatly to the disadvantage of our London *confrères*. The "Figaro" holds as eminent a position in Paris as the "Times" does in London, and its judgments on matters of art and literature are as much above those of the "Times" as it is inferior to the "Times" in the department of foreign intelligence; but scarcely a day passes that the "Figaro" does not mention the "Temps" and other Paris papers with praise and even with admiration. Each English newspaper proprietor takes up the position of an island State that tries to believe it is the only State in the world; but no such silly conceit and overgrown self-consciousness can be seen in Paris journalism. Parisian editors cultivate the manners at least of men of the world; they would not play the part of churls even if they could, and they could not: the French contempt for the uncouth is too keen.

THE POLITICAL VACUUM.

IF dramatic proof were wanting of the utter collapse of the Radical party, it would be supplied by Mr. Asquith's appearance at Morley on Wednesday night. By that combination of luck and shrewdness which has hitherto distinguished Mr. Asquith's career, the late Home Secretary had secured the first word in what it was believed would be a vigorous autumn campaign on the part of the Opposition. His speech was heralded a week beforehand in all the papers, and politicians were on the tiptoe of expectation to see what Mr. Asquith would have to say about the *débâcle* and future prospects of the party which at one time it was thought he was ambitious of leading. But it is quite clear that Mr. Asquith no longer regards Radical politics as a business worthy of a serious man's attention, for his speech at Morley is nothing but puerile prattle about baths and one Joshua Asquith. The late Home Secretary's ancestry is, no doubt, a very interesting subject; but Mr. Asquith is far too clever a man to dish up this drivel for a Yorkshire audience unless he were convinced that the game of Separatism was up. This deliberate avoidance of politics, when a great opportunity offered, may therefore be taken to have a twofold significance; it indicates, firstly, Mr. Asquith's own withdrawal from politics—for the time being, at all events—and, secondly, the absence of anything like a policy or even a resolute intention to oppose on the part of Her Majesty's Opposition. The disappearance of a nimble gladiator from the circus is, perhaps, not a matter of great public moment, and Mr. Asquith, with all his rhetorical skill, never really touched the heart of the nation, nor interested them very much. He will return to the Bar, where he will doubtless, *pace* Sir Edward Clarke, pocket large fees for very little work; but he can now never hope to lead the Radical party. Sir William Harcourt's successor will be made in the next six years, and no man can simultaneously practise in the courts and take a leading part in politics. But passing by the personal considerations suggested by Mr. Asquith's speech, or want of speech, at Morley, the absence of an effective Opposition must be regarded by every thinking Conservative as a serious evil. The business of an Opposition is to oppose, as Lord Randolph Churchill tersely said, and it is not good for any Government, Conservative, Radical, or epicene, to have a large majority at its back and a front Opposition bench which can only be described as a dissolving view of anarchy.

A vacuum is as bad in politics as anywhere else, and Mr. Samuel Slick long ago observed that it jerks one horribly to kick at nothing. This process of kicking at nothing was pleasantly illustrated by Mr. Gerald Balfour's genial little speech at Leeds. The new Irish Secretary cannot see any opponents, because they're not in sight, and he not unnaturally infers that a change is coming over the spirit of the Irish people, that they are wearying of political agitation, and that he is going to have a better time of it than his predecessors. He may be right, though we should have thought that the present quietude in Irish politics was due to the absence of a national leader rather than to any change in the character of the Celt, who will agitate to the end of the chapter. But here again, if Mr. Gerald Balfour is right, we hope, for the sake of the Union, that he is not too much so, for we cannot help thinking that it will be bad both for his own reputation and the prospects of his party, if he has too free a hand in dealing with Irish land and social questions. Not that Mr. Balfour is likely to be himself wanting in sympathy or intelligence; but he is not, after all, the Cabinet, and in the absence of a strong Opposition it is not impossible—it has happened before—that the influences of landlordism, or Orangeism, or both, may make themselves felt in a manner too strong for the young Chief Secretary to resist, and fatal to anything like a final settlement of the agrarian or political question. Frankly, we should be glad to see Mr. John Morley back again in Parliament, for we think his caustic but not unfriendly criticism would be useful in checking the perfectly natural exuberance of Mr. Gerald Balfour's spirits, and occasionally in guiding his inexperience. Then, again, there is the English agrarian question. Much as we appre-

ciate Mr. Walter Long's spirit and readiness as a debater, we are rather sorry that Mr. Shaw Lefevre will not be there to oppose the Land Bill, which is, according to common report, being drafted in the office of the Board of Agriculture. The late Member for Bradford, though not a popular personality, has unquestionably compared and written about the land systems of a good many countries with care, and what he has to say on this subject is worth listening to. We are all of us the better for being opposed, even the wisest and the best of us; and this demoralization of the Radical party is a real danger to the good government of the country.

THE SUPERANNUATION OF JUDGES.

"**T**HANK God!" exclaimed a newly appointed Judge of the High Court on installing himself at chambers, "nothing can dislodge me from here except a petition to the Crown from *both* Houses of Parliament." It is a wise provision of our Constitution which places the salaries of the High Court Judges on the Consolidated Fund, and renders them removable by nothing less than the machinery mentioned above. It would surely be intolerable if any Member of Parliament might move to reduce the salary of a Judge, and we have ample evidence in the United States of the evils of a judicature dependent on popular election. But a moment's reflection will convince any one that the judicial bench in this country enjoys a dangerous immunity from criticism, not to speak of control. What a business there was to persuade Mr. Justice Stephen to retire! How delicately his infirmity had to be hinted at, and how Mr. Cobb was abused for daring to ask questions about it in the House of Commons! From the profession itself the Judges receive no criticism, for the leaders dine with them, and the juniors are afraid of them. Even the Press seems to have a vague notion that criticism of a Judge is contempt of court. The Judges of the High Court, therefore, are the only class of public men in England who never see themselves as others see them; and the consequences of this immunity are not good—how could they be, human nature being what it is? To expose abuses is always an unpleasant and invidious task; but there is one abuse at all events which ought to be pointed out before the opening of the Law Courts next week. We allude to the fact that there are at this moment several Judges on the bench who are too old for their work, and who ought to be retired. This is a public grievance, and the administration of justice is injured by it. A strong Government like the present ought to pass an Act providing for the compulsory retirement of Judges at a certain age.

It may be news to some people that there is no rule or law, written or unwritten, as to the retirement of a Judge of the Court of Appeal or the High Court. After a Judge has been on the bench fifteen years he may, if he likes, retire with his full pension, and he may retire at an earlier period with a smaller pension. But if he does not like to retire, there is nothing to compel him. He may be deaf (many of them are); he may be sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything; unless a petition to the Sovereign for his removal can be carried through both Houses, he can, may, and sometimes does sit in the seat of justice until he drops off it into his grave. The innocent may reply that Her Majesty's Judges are far too conscientious, if not too proud, to remain in important public posts, to the duties of which their physical strength and mental faculties are no longer equal. The answer is that facts do not support this theory. Let us take the present occupants of the bench. What are some of their ages? To begin with the Court of Appeal, Lord Esher, the Master of the Rolls, is eighty; Lord Justice Kay is seventy-three; Lord Justice Lindley is sixty-seven; and Lord Justice Lopes is sixty-eight. Of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, Lord Morris is sixty-eight, and Lords Watson and Shand are sixty-seven. Coming to the High Court of Justice, Mr. Justice Hawkins is seventy-eight, Mr. Baron Pollock is seventy-two; Mr. Justice Day is sixty-nine; Mr. Justice Chitty and Mr. Justice Wills are sixty-seven; and Mr. Justice North and Mr. Justice Mathew are sixty-five. We do not profess to know, nor, we believe, does anybody, how the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which deals with Indian and Colonial appeals, is constituted. But Sir

Richard Couch and Lord Hobhouse, if we are not mistaken, sit on that most important tribunal; and Sir Richard Couch is seventy-eight, and Lord Hobhouse is seventy-six. It will be observed that we have mentioned no Judge under the age of sixty-five. The united ages of the sixteen Judges we have named amount to 1127 years, or an average age of seventy. Does this look like that over-sensitive scrupulousness, which makes a man retire unbidden from a highly paid office, when the voice of nature whispers to him that he is no longer able to do his work as it ought to be done? The attitude of these superfluous veterans towards the question of retirement may be summed up in the declaration of perhaps the oldest of them all, who has been heard to declare that he would not retire because he knew he would die if he did. A most excellent reason truly, from the Judge's point of view; but how about the public, who pay these Judges far more highly than they are paid in any other country in the world? Be it remembered that a very strict rule of superannuation is applied to every other department of the public service. Take the army, for instance. Leaving aside exceptions and special regulations, into which we have not space to enter, a full colonel is obliged to retire at the age of fifty-seven, a major-general at sixty-two, and a lieutenant-general at sixty-seven; indeed, a major-general may be compulsorily retired at sixty and a lieutenant-general at sixty-five, if the Secretary of State so decides. Or take the Civil Service, in which the age of compulsory retirement for a large proportion of public servants is fixed at sixty. Now, on what grounds are the Judges exempted from a rule of superannuation which applies to all other public servants? It can hardly be because their duties are less important. A man is considered unfit after the age of fifty-seven to shout, "Shoulder arms: prepare for bayonet-exercise: march." But he is apparently considered quite fit at the age of seventy-eight or eighty to dispose of the lives, the properties, and the liberties of Her Majesty's subjects. A man is not thought able to copy a despatch in Downing Street after threescore years; and, according to Lord Playfair's report, a professor is past his work after he has reached threescore years and ten. But dress an octogenarian in horsehair and ermine, and he apparently becomes endued with superhuman powers of body and mind.

For let there be no mistake about the character of a Judge's duties; if properly performed, they are of a most exhausting nature, calling for a concentration of intellect and a physical endurance such as are at the disposal only of men still in the prime of life. The Judge has to sit in a stuffy atmosphere from half-past ten till four; he has to write down with his own hand the evidence; he has to closely follow counsel, to see that they observe the rules of evidence; he has to sum up to the jury; or he has to apply metaphysical principles of law to masses of complicated facts. If he makes a mistake, millions may be lost, or an innocent man may be hanged. Will any one maintain that this sort of work should be entrusted to a man at an age when he should be playing with his grandchildren, or preparing for his exit from the world? Does any one seriously pretend that both the public and the legal profession would not be benefited by the immediate retirement of Lord Esher (eighty), Mr. Justice Hawkins (seventy-eight), Mr. Baron Pollock (seventy-two), and Mr. Justice Day (sixty-nine)? Old Judges are like other old men, neither better nor worse; that is to say, they are peevish, capricious, callous of the interests and feelings of other men, and shirkers of their work. They are not responsible for these defects, which are due to their physical condition, and they would not be human if they did not show them. Lord Esher's irritability in the Court of Appeal, when he has a strange or stupid counsel before him, is painful to witness. Mr. Justice Hawkins is announced to be in chambers at a certain time. The usual crowd of barristers and their clerks, solicitors and their clerks, and the general public, fidget round the door for an hour until the learned Judge arrives. Another morning Sir Henry will arrive to the minute, and dash his pen through every case that is not represented. Mr. Justice Day may be a conscientious Judge, but he discourages counsel in every way, as if with the desire to cut his work. It is related that a Queen's counsel of con-

siderable standing was once arguing before Mr. Justice Day, when he saw that the Judge was reading an evening paper. He angrily complained, but Mr. Justice Day calmly answered, "Go on, Mr. So-and-so; I am giving you all the attention you deserve." There is another Judge who, though not over sixty-five, is constantly displaying all the most disagreeable qualities of senility. We do not need to mention his name; his somnolence and savagery are becoming an intolerable nuisance. He sleeps openly through whole afternoons, and on awakening towards the hour of adjournment proceeds to "savage" some unfortunate junior who is trying to argue. It is immunity from criticism and control that has produced these abuses on the bench, and it is time that they should cease. We ask that the same rule of compulsory retirement shall be applied to the Judges as to other public servants, and that the most important interests of society shall not be handled by men who are plainly past their work, though in retirement they might live happily, and even usefully, for many years. Why is the whole business of the Law Courts arrested for a quarter of the year? The younger Judges know perfectly well that the scandal of the Long Vacation must cease soon: the thing is only kept up for the repose of these very old Judges. It is unpleasant to have to write thus of public men who have done good service in the past. But the time has come for plain speaking. The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Attorney-General should draft a Bill providing for the superannuation of Judges at the age of sixty-five, or seventy at the latest, and in certain cases at the age of sixty, if the Lord Chancellor shall so decide.

A MEMORABLE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IT is seldom that we think it worth while to republish news; but now and then facts take artistic form, and a mere report of them has the interest of an admirable story. Lieutenant Peary's last Arctic expedition may stand, we think, among the most memorable feats of Anglo-Saxon courage and endurance. We need only preface the account by saying that Lieutenant Peary found that all the caches he had made a year ago of provisions for this year's journey were snowed in and undiscoverable. Nevertheless, he determined to press on.

"Now began one of the most wonderful sledge journeys in all the records of Arctic adventures. At the end of the second week, after a hard struggle, Peary and his followers were only 200 miles from their starting point, and 7000 ft. above the sea. They had encountered the fierce winds at this elevation which rush from the interior down the great fiords. During the fourth week the temperature ranged from 25 deg. at noon to 43 deg. below zero at midnight. This cold, at an elevation of 8000 ft. above the sea, told heavily on men and dogs, and the strength of both was being reduced fully one-half. The men on any extra exertion in pulling the sledges experienced great difficulty in breathing, and blood gushed from the nostrils. The dogs, insufficiently fed on walrus, had begun to give out one after the other, and the frozen deerflesh, of which the party had not even full rations, ill supplied the place of pemmican. With their entrance on the fifth hundred miles a series of misfortunes overtook them. The runner of the largest sledge went to pieces. The men had to take to the drag-ropes, the surviving dogs being scarcely able to walk.

At last the goal was near. Sixteen miles only separated them from the land at Independence Bay. But the dogs could go no further, and Lee was left in the tent in charge of them, with orders to feed the strongest on the weakest, while Peary and Henson, with a couple of rifles, pushed on towards the land in the hope of finding musk oxen. If they failed, there seemed no way of escape from death. Could any situation be conceived more awful than that of Lee, for days alone in a tent with starving dogs, the grim icy wilderness around, and the terrible uncertainty at his heart whether his comrades might ever return?

Meantime the two adventurous hunters pushed on towards the land, stormbeaten, footsore, bruised, and lame, stumbling over crevasses, boulders, and sharp rocks, hardly able to drag their weary limbs along. When worn out they slept on the rocks without shelter.

Still not a trace of musk oxen. They had no meat for three days, and at last were driven to the walrus meat intended for the dogs. When almost on the point of starvation they shot a hare, and devoured it eagerly. At last they struck the trail of the musk oxen, found the herd, and killed a bull, five cows, and four calves, and were saved from a fearful death.

Not yet would they turn back. They must reach the shores of Independence Bay. Once more the advance was resumed. Lee and the dogs were found, and all pushed forward for four days over boulder-strewn gorges, up and down steep slopes, lifting, pushing, at times almost carrying the sledges and their load. At the close of the fourth day they reached the precipitous shore, utterly worn out. Human endurance could go no farther, sledges could no longer be used, and an advance further to the ice of the Bay must be over crevasse-riven glaciers. No more musk oxen could be found. The farthest advance was to 21 deg. 37 min.

At last the explorers decided on a retreat while yet there was a chance of escape. Only nine dogs remained alive, and for them they had sixteen rations of musk meat. The sledge had broken down entirely, and the load had to be carried on their backs, or rolled up in musk oxen skins and dragged by the dogs over thirty-four miles of the roughest surface. It took them six days to reach the cache where they had a small reserve of walrus for the dogs on the homeward march, and seventeen rations of deer meat for themselves, much of which had to be given to the dogs.

Twenty-five days afterwards three broken-down, worn-out men staggered to the door of Anniversary Lodge, their feet and legs swollen, and their bodies emaciated. When twenty-one miles from the lodge they had eaten their last morsel of food, and it took them forty hours to cover the distance. Only one poor dog limped feebly behind them. For ten days they lay in an utterly prostrate condition, but ultimately all recovered."

It may be added that the scientific value of Peary's work is very great.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

IN civilized European countries it does not much matter if a criminal goes unpunished or a crime escapes detection. The fabric of law and order is so deeply rooted that casual mistakes or incidental shortcomings cannot shake it. A dozen murders may go undetected in the East End of London or on the outer boulevards of Paris without altering the general conviction, the deterrent effect of which can scarcely be overestimated, that murder in Paris or London is always followed by detection, and detection by punishment. Consequently it is practicable, though, perhaps, inadvisable, in civilized lands to admit extenuating circumstances and to exercise clemency towards some criminals. But in half-civilized countries, where law and order are not yet firmly established, where crimes often go undetected, or where it is impossible, or next door to impossible, to bring more than a small proportion of criminals to justice, it becomes necessary to shut one's ears to cries of mercy. This is at once the explanation and the justification of the institution of Lynch law in Western America. Lynch law was the outcome of the law-abiding instincts of a civilized community trying to atone for the difficulties of detecting crime and of punishing criminals by summary proceedings and severity of punishment. And, *a fortiori*, in countries given over to barbarism, such as Central Africa, where ruthless crimes may be committed and pass wholly unnoticed, where it is almost impossible to collect proofs of offences or to bring offenders to justice, it would be a dangerous folly not to punish the small minority of criminals who can be brought to justice and whose crimes can be proven.

We have put forward these considerations because they form, so to speak, the groundwork of the conduct which should be pursued by Governments with regard to crimes committed by Europeans in Central Africa. The British Government will not propose, we imagine, to condone the murder of Mr. Stokes by a fine levied on the Congo State, but will insist that his murderer shall be brought before a properly constituted court of law, and

will take good care that if the crime be brought home to him, Major Lothaire shall pay for Stokes's life with his own. We must not be accused of prejudging Major Lothaire. Those who have read the astonishing account of an interview with Dr. Michaux which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of last Monday evening from "Our Special Correspondent," do not need to be told that doubt as to Lothaire's guilt is almost impossible. The correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" is, we hear, M. Lionel Declé, already favourably known to reputation as an African explorer. He was recently employed by the French Government in the transport service in Madagascar, and his sympathies, like the sympathies of Dr. Michaux, are certain to have been with the French-speaking Lothaire rather than with the Englishman Stokes. And yet Dr. Michaux scarcely conceals his opinion that the charges brought against Mr. Stokes of selling rifles and ammunition to the natives were not made out, and he shows again and again that, even if they had been made out, Major Lothaire had no right to punish a civilian for such an offence by hanging him. The correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette," too, states his belief that even Dr. Michaux does not "yet realize how serious the case is, and of what a monstrous offence Lothaire has been guilty." Nevertheless, the enormity of Lothaire's crime appears clearly enough from Dr. Michaux's own account. Major Lothaire, it appears, first of all executed Kibonge, the Arab chief, in the most summary fashion. But as Kibonge was probably guilty of murdering Emin Pasha, his own execution may be passed over as an accident of retributive justice. Among Kibonge's effects, a letter was found from Stokes, offering, for a certain amount of ivory, to lead Kibonge to the east coast. It was on the strength of this letter, it seems, that Lothaire despatched Lieutenant Henri to arrest Stokes. Whether he did arrest Stokes does not appear, but Dr. Michaux, an eye-witness be it remembered, tells us "it is certain that Stokes came unaccompanied by any white man to our camp, having with him only his personal servants, besides an escort given him by Henri." Forthwith Lothaire put the man, who had come to him of his own free will, under arrest, and told him, through Dr. Michaux, that he would be tried for selling guns and powder to the Arabs. It was the evening of 14 January when Stokes reached Lothaire's camp. He spent the rest of the evening in writing out his defence. The following day he was brought before the court-martial, which consisted solely of Major Lothaire. Dr. Michaux repeats: "Lothaire alone tried Stokes, judged him, and sentenced him; I merely acted as interpreter. No other white man was in camp."

The trial was purely perfunctory, and had not lasted two hours when Lothaire brought it to a close by telling Stokes "that he would be executed on the following day." Dr. Michaux goes on: "Stokes was so dumbfounded that he could find nothing to say, and retired to his hut. He sent for me there and implored me to intercede for him with Lothaire. I had already done so without success, and again I made the attempt. I employed every argument I could think of. I suggested that Stokes should be sent down to Boma, the capital of the Congo State; but Lothaire turned a deaf ear to all my intercessions. As a last resource, I begged for a reprieve of a few days, during which time fresh evidence might be procured. But this was equally refused." No words of ours are needed to increase the horror and loathing that this bare recital of facts must call forth. Stokes may not have been of exemplary character or perfect conduct. He was, however, a British subject, and to a certain extent a pioneer of civilization in a barbarous country. He had not a fair trial, and he was executed by a man who had not the right to punish him with death, no matter what his offence might have been. We look upon Major Lothaire, therefore, as the murderer of Mr. Stokes, and unless he can exculpate himself from the charge his life should pay for the life of his victim.

We cannot leave the subject without thanking the "Pall Mall Gazette" for the extraordinary ability and energy it has displayed throughout this affair. It is mainly due to its exertions that a crime against civilization committed in Darkest Africa has been brought to light, and its action will be one of the mainstays of law and order in Central Africa for many a year to come. Few newspapers have ever merited such praise.

COPYRIGHT AND THE IMPERIAL VETO.

THE ninety-first section of the British North America Act delegates to the Canadian Parliament, among other legislative powers, the power of legislating on copyrights. But by the fifty-sixth section of the same Act, all Acts of the Canadian Parliament, after receiving the assent of the Governor-General, are transmitted to an Imperial Secretary of State, and are liable within two years to disallowance by the Queen in Council. The Parliament of Canada now passes an Act on the subject of copyright. This Act British authors and publishers find to be destructive of their rights and subversive of engagements into which the Empire has entered on the subject with foreign Powers. They accordingly pray the Imperial Government to disallow it. Thereupon defiance is hurled at them by a Canadian Minister, who tells them that whether the Act is injurious to their interests or not signifies nothing; it has been passed by the Parliament of Canada, whose will is final. In other words, of the two clauses of the same Act, that which delegates legislative powers to the Canadian Parliament is valid; while that which reserves to the Imperial Government a power of control is morally null and void.

Whether the political dependence of adult colonies on the mother-country is desirable or likely to be prolonged is a question not at present before us. That question would be raised and brought at once to a decisive issue by the occurrence of a maritime war which would expose colonial commerce to ravages beyond the power of the Imperial country to avert. We must take things as they are. At present we are all living under the Imperial system, and when it is proposed that one part of the system shall be abrogated, we must consider what will be the effect on the system as a whole, and in what position the citizens of the Empire, or of the portion of it immediately affected, will be left. The Canadian claim is, in fact, an invitation to review the Imperial constitution, all the more emphatic because it is not only the legislative part of that constitution which is touched; the diplomatic part is touched also, since Canada asserts the right to sever her action from that of the Imperial Power and the rest of the Empire in regard to the Convention of Berne.

A citizen of the United States possesses multiplied securities both in his Federal and in his State constitution against precipitate or iniquitous legislation. He has a second Chamber, really co-ordinate and effective. He has the veto of the President or the Governor of the State, also effective and often exercised with the best results. He has the controlling and conservative authority of the Supreme Court. He has a written constitution regulating all organic questions and including the inestimable provision against legislation subversive of the faith of contracts. What securities has the Canadian citizen if the Imperial veto is annulled? The Governor-General has, by the "constitutionalizing" process, been stripped of all his power, and the Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces are local representatives of his impotence. Their vetoes, like that of the Sovereign in England, and unlike that of the President in the United States, have merely a nominal existence. In some Provinces there is no second Chamber. The nominee Senate of the Dominion is, like other nominee Senates, a failure, neither co-ordinate with the House of Commons nor effective. The Senatorships are given to mere partisans without personal merit or distinction; there is reason to fear that sometimes they are purchased by contributions to the party election fund; and the same party having now been long in power, and having thoroughly packed the Senate with its nominees, all appearance of impartiality, and consequently all claim to general confidence, have been lost. If the Imperial control is withdrawn, Canadian citizens will be practically in the condition in which an American citizen would be if the House of Representatives were supreme and uncontrolled; a situation at the thought of which every American would shudder.

It is a pleasant theory that the people, if they are entrusted with the suffrage, will wish to elect the best men. Even if the people wish to elect the best men, the best men may not be willing to be elected. This weak point in the democratic system is more visible in a colony than in the mother-country. In the mother-country there is a

leisured class large enough to supply public life. In a colony there is not such a class. The colony is a busy mercantile community, the leading men of which cannot afford to leave their warehouses, their banks, or their profession. Looking round the election chamber of a colony you will see perhaps a score of regular politicians, for the most part lawyers, and a few leading commercial or railway men, generally with special objects of their own or of their companies to promote. But there will be a large number of men to whom the salary of a member is an attraction, and who have not employment enough in their profession or business to prevent their spending their time in working up for themselves an interest among the local members of the party, such as will give them the caucus nomination. The net result is a House to which, to say the least, no prudent framer of a constitution would have thought of committing supreme and uncontrolled power. Of the part played in elections by the relations of members of the Government with contractors for public works, and by other influences of that kind, the British public has had some intimation through the reports of disclosures which have recently been made in Canada. That the vote of the Canadian House of Commons is the voice of Canada, appears to be assumed by the champions of Canadian self-government on the present occasion. It is an assumption which requires great qualification to make it true.

That the Governor-General of Canada reigns and does not govern, so that no reliance can be placed on his restraining power, is a fact of which we may be said to have had decisive proof; though it seems that in England the conventional idea of his importance still prevails. Some years ago the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec was deposed from his office by an act of party vengeance, in contravention, as could scarcely be doubted, of the British North America Act, which requires that for the dismissal of a Lieutenant-Governor cause shall be assigned. The only cause assigned was that, after a partisan vote of Parliament, the Governor's usefulness had ceased. The reluctance of the Governor-General to be a party to this treatment of his own delegate and representative was apparent, but he was directed by the Colonial Office to obey his constitutional advisers. The last dissolution of the Canadian Parliament took place without any constitutional ground for the exercise of the prerogative, the Government having a large majority and no crisis of any sort requiring an appeal to the country having occurred. The motive was simply one of party tactics—the Government believed that the political wind was then in a favourable quarter. But it was necessary to give some reason for a dissolution. The reason given was that negotiations for commercial reciprocity were on foot with the United States, and that for these a popular mandate was required. The American Secretary of State immediately published a letter declaring that no negotiations whatever were on foot between the two countries, and to this contradiction there was no reply. The Governor-General in this case must have deemed himself so thoroughly "constitutionalized" as to be relieved of all responsibility in consenting to an exercise of the prerogative of dissolution on a ground not only inadequate but fictitious.

This last case is an instance of a delusion under which British statesmen, as constructors of colonial constitutions, are apt to fall. They export to the colonies what they call British institutions, that is a Merovingian monarchy with its Parliamentary Mayor of the Palace, and its venerable apparatus of survivals. But they cannot export the statesmanlike character and traditions by which this curious system has been made to work tolerably well in its native country. A colony has no great political houses, no groups of hereditary statesmen like those by which in England unwritten rules have been handed down. It has not even men whose seats in Parliament are secure, as those of many English magnates are, or hitherto have been, and who are at liberty to dedicate themselves entirely to Parliamentary work. Unwritten laws or traditions, therefore, have little force. In the old country the prerogative of dissolution is still exercised under some traditional restraint. In a colony it becomes a weapon in the armoury of party to be employed without scruple whenever there is an opening for an effective onslaught on the Opposition. Canada has for the last year and a half been kept almost

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in the ferment of a general election while the Government has been using the prerogative of dissolution for a party purpose.

The Imperial veto is at least in statesmanlike and impartial hands, as well as in the hands of men of honour. It is not likely to be used too often, since, as we see in the present case, its exercise entails upon British statesmen an amount of controversy and trouble which they will never desire to add to the already overwhelming burden of their cares. That the British Government may not always be well informed about the affairs and sentiments of distant communities is too true; but it is an incident inseparable from the heroic attempt to bind the ends of the earth together in one political system. Perhaps in a case like the present there might be a hearing of the parties interested by the Crown in council before the veto power is used. But if that power is to be annulled, there ought to be a revision of the British North America Act and other Acts embodying colonial constitutions. Left independent, these communities would be led by force of circumstances to provide themselves with securities like those provided by the constitution of the United States. But so long as they remain dependent, the securities furnished by the Imperial constitution must not without consideration be withdrawn.

It appears doubtful whether powers of dealing with such a subject as copyright should ever have been delegated to dependencies, and exposed not only to their legislative laxity but to the possible diversity of their laws. Copyright, patents, and marriage would seem to be Imperial subjects, if the unity of the Empire is real. It might also have been well to provide securities against an issue of convertible paper, and against legislation subversive of the faith of contracts. If there has happily been hitherto little danger in these directions, there is no saying what the future may have in store should Socialism gain ground and obtain a momentary majority in a Colonial House of Commons. Self-government in regard to tariffs was perhaps a necessary concession, since tariffs must be regulated largely by geographical circumstance and social need. Yet the imposition of protective duties, like the Canadian iron duties, specially exclusive of the products of the Imperial country, would have been a fit subject for restraint. A protective duty has been not unfairly described as a commercial act of war; and of all the strange births of time surely none is stranger than an Empire, in the glorious and perpetual unity of which you are called upon, as a test of your loyalty, to profess your belief, while its members are waging commercial war against each other. GOLDWIN SMITH.

JAPANESE WOMEN.

JAPANESE women have been so much praised for their picturesque appearance, their winsome manners, and their smiling faces, that most writers on Japan are apt to forget that the women of the Land of the Rising Sun are persons and not pictures, factors in the life and future of the nation and not figments.

Intellectually Japan stands midway between the East and West, permeated by a refined and aesthetic Orientalism and yet strongly influenced by modern science and thought: it is a country more worthy of study at the present time by the sociologist and ethnologist than any other. Emancipated but a quarter of a century ago from the tyranny of an overmastering feudalism, Japan has in less than three short decades attained to liberty of the individual, freedom of education, representative institutions, and naval and military pre-eminence. A revolution so sudden in its realization, so great in its effect on the lives of the people of Japan, has not been without deep influence on the minds and status of its women.

The traditional view of the feminine ideal in Japan, of the character, position, and work of a woman, to attain to which she is educated with the greatest care, is in many respects a high one, worthy of a remarkable people. The Japanese hold that the chief duty of a woman, whatever may be her position, is gentle, cheerful service. She is trained from earliest girlhood to control and check the exhibition of all emotions disagreeable to others; to wear, whatever she may suffer, a cheerful, pleasing countenance; to give willing service and obedience to her parents, her

husband, and his parents; to be engaging in manner, neat in appearance, unwearied in housekeeping, and faithful in her devotion as a wife. It has not hitherto been expected of the Japanese wife that she should be the companion, helpmeet, and counsellor of her husband. In order to render her unattractive to other men she used to shave her eyebrows and blacken her teeth immediately after marriage.

Good manners and courtesy are the constant rule of life in Japan, so that brutal conduct and wife-beating, common among Christian people, are unknown there. But there are, on the other hand, various drawbacks to the perfect realization of married bliss, for the law of Japan allows a husband to return his wife to her father for the most trivial reason, or to introduce one or more concubines under the same roof. A Japanese woman can at no age be said to belong to herself, and so deplorably true is this that a mother can, and actually often does, sell her daughter to a house of ill-fame for a term of years without its being considered a shameful and lasting disgrace either to mother or daughter.

The Japanese standard of life and duty for women, though it is far lower than the ideal of womanhood among Christian nations, has resulted in producing a race of gentle-mannered, sweet-voiced docile women, who bear their burdens silently, endure sorrow and disappointment cheerfully, and who by obedience have learnt the Christian secret of unselfish service and complete self-abnegation. These women, living quietly in their paper houses, subject to the will of parent or husband or mother-in-law, have now begun to hear the words, "equality of the sexes," "freedom of the individual," "education," and the spirit of Japanese womankind has been stirred to its depths.

When the restoration or revolution took place, the Mikado, then only a boy of sixteen, was married already to a lady of great ability, strength of character, and depth of sympathy; and it is due to the direct influence of the Empress that the education of girls in Japan has progressed simultaneously with that of boys. It is, moreover, the Empress who is quietly leading her country-women to the attainment of the greater freedom and the deeper influence which education cannot fail to give the women of Japan.

Periods of development are always more or less painful, and it is feared that in the throes of the new birth the old ideal may be lost, the charm of which is felt by every one who visits Japan. But the die is cast; there is now no going back; and the women of Japan must be trusted to reach by liberty a higher standard than that achieved by obedience.

In the fifth year of Meiji—that is, of "enlightened rule"—namely, in 1872, it was promulgated by royal proclamation that "it is intended that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there shall not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." To fulfil this splendid promise, an elaborate system of national education has been adopted in which girls have almost as large a share as boys. There are in Japan elementary schools for the children of all classes, where boys and girls, rich and poor, are taught on the same benches. The next step in the educational ladder is the middle school. The boys' middle schools correspond to our great public schools, and in them boys are prepared for the universities or for business and professional life.

The girls' middle schools are like our public day-schools. The education given is excellent and quite up to all modern requirements, while at the same time the characteristic elements of a Japanese lady's education are preserved. I remember well a large girls' middle school at Kioto which I visited. The electrical apparatus, the human skeleton, and the anatomical diagrams in the lecture-room showed that the girl students were being instructed in the elements of modern science. The traditional accomplishments of a Japanese lady were, however, not forgotten, and there were rooms set apart for giving instruction in the arrangement of flowers, the details of the tea ceremony, and in playing the *goto*. Without proficiency in these three accomplishments no Japanese lady is thought to be completely educated. At the time of my visit the class-rooms were empty, for all the students were gathered in the large lecture-hall to hear a discourse by

the Professor of Moral Philosophy on the duties of women in relation to the State.

The technical and the industrial schools for girls in Japan are admirable institutions. One of the most interesting girls' schools is undoubtedly the School for Peeresses at Tokio. In this the Empress takes the keenest interest; she visits the school every week, and knows all the girls by name. The students are daughters of the "daimios" and noblemen. If the Empress had not herself taken the lead in the movement for the higher education of the women of the noble classes it is doubtful if Japanese noblemen would have consented to send their girls to a public day-school; that they do so is proof of the earnestness with which the Japanese have adopted modern Western education.

It cannot be doubted that so thorough an education so seriously undertaken will have a profound influence on the character and future of the women of Japan; but it is to be hoped that while they gain in learning they will not lose in charm, and that though they borrow science from the commonplace West, they will not cease to be picturesque and artistic Japanese "musmes."

ALICE M. HART.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN AND HIS LATEST BOOK.*

WHEN reading Mr. Stanley Weyman's romances we are reminded again and again of a paradox of Carlyle to the effect that every man has *one* book in him. The statement, it seems to us, conveys an unmerited compliment to ninety-nine persons out of every hundred; but it can be applied with truth to a number of writers, and in especial to Mr. Stanley Weyman. Mr. Weyman's view of life is vivid; this and that passion and emotion have made a deep impression upon him; he is able to picture a couple of characters, a man and a girl, with some clearness and no little fidelity to nature. This narrowness of outlook and a peculiar pressure of emotion, uncontrolled by aesthetic considerations, make it evident that it is love, love as a romantic adoration rather than as a passion or a tenderness—though worship does not necessarily exclude either—that has made Mr. Weyman a writer. We may go further, and admit that we see Mr. Weyman as a boy whose ideal is a brave and loyal swordsman, and this boy is struck down in later life by admiration of a beautiful girl, blessed or cursed with a very imperious temperament. We talk of life, and picture this as really happening to Mr. Weyman, for various reasons. First of all, the admiration of a chivalrous gentleman for a high-spirited and rather vapid girl is the burden of Mr. Weyman's writing: it is the only theme he knows; and these two are the only characters he has at all realized. One has only to compare the hero and heroine of "*A Gentleman of France*" with the hero and heroine of "*Under the Red Robe*" (these two are Mr. Stanley Weyman's best romances) to see that not only the characters are the same in both books but also that the passion is the same. In each case the girl heroine begins by showing frank contempt for the hero, which contempt gradually undergoes a sea-change and is converted into passionate tenderness by his dauntless courage. In none of his other books, so far as we have read, and we have read "*The Man in Black*," "*The Story of Francis Cludde*," "*My Lady Rotha*," and "*From the Memoirs of a Minister of France*," is there any drawing of character superior to that found in *transpontine melodrama*. Even the sketch of Margaret Brandon in "*The Story of Francis Cludde*" is commonplace, and is left unfinished just when the character might be best revealed: we are in doubt why she married a poor gentleman, and, indeed, whether she loves her husband or the boy-hero of the tale. And even the two characters which Mr. Weyman has really tried to depict do not live for us. He has made them peculiar, and yet their individuality is not convincing. His hero suffers under grievous disabilities of age and fortune, but none of nature, if we except his brainlessness; and the heroine's pride and hastiness of temper are, so to speak, the fitting background of her beauty and eminent virtues. The repetition of the same pair of characters and the

same theme, and the insistence on the same details as chief points in two stories that should aim at being different, all point imperatively to the conclusion that the author's personal experience is his stock-in-trade; imagination does nothing for him. If we leave out of the account his solitary contribution to psychology, the description of a girl's love that passes from irrational contempt to reverential devotion, we find that Mr. Stanley Weyman's sole claim to originality consists in the power and charm with which he tells a story that depends for its interest on incidents. He comes to us, not as an artist to whom personal experience is but the clay out of which he models his figures, but as a man who wants to unburden his soul by telling again and again the story of his own life in a romantic way. But in spite of all his defects, Mr. Weyman is a good story-teller. He knows nearly all the tricks by which interest is sustained, and he never fumbles a climax. Of course he is not among the great masters of story-telling—that we do not claim for him. He does not know how to begin a narrative leisurely, filling up his introduction with cunning details that give the sense of reality, and, as soon as this object is attained, increase his speed so as to outstrip the reader's impatience and hurry him breathless to the close. Mr. Stanley Weyman is, as one might say, a good amateur, and that is all. His style, too, though direct and clear, is tricked out with the usual romantic tags; it is not that simple, easy, transparent garment, which shows the form like a vest of woven silk. Still, among the host of amateurs who do not know the primary conditions of their art, Mr. Weyman stands out as a sort of champion; he will never tell a story as well as the best professionals, like Dumas and Maupassant, but he has some native gift to atone for his lack of training. We are sorry to think that he has done his best work; he may handle again the theme he treated in "*The Gentleman of France*" and "*Under the Red Robe*," and by reason of long practice write a better book than either of these; but nothing new is to be hoped for from his pen.

For this reason Mr. Weyman's new book, "*From the Memoirs of a Minister of France*," did not excite in us any keen anticipations of pleasure, and we were not mistaken. The book is a collection of short stories purporting to be written by M. de Rosny, that Minister of Henry the Fourth of France who was afterwards the Duc de Sully, and with whom Mr. Stanley Weyman's readers are already sufficiently acquainted. The stories are nothing but a series of anecdotes, some of them well told, as "*The Tennis Balls*," "*The Lost Cipher*," "*The Man of Monceaux*," and "*The Cat and the King*"; others of them moderately interesting, like "*The Governor of Guéret*," "*Farming the Taxes*," and "*At Fontainebleau*"; while at least one, "*The Open Shutter*," is inordinately stupid, exciting curiosity without ever satisfying it. From one end to the other of the 500 pages there is scarcely an attempt at characterization. Sully is sketched so that we find it impossible to give any of his qualities save loyalty to his master, a shrewd sense of justice, and a certain humour; he never lives for a moment. And in doing thus badly Mr. Weyman has missed a great opportunity. The real Sully, as we see him in history and, above all, in his own memoirs, is a very interesting person indeed. As Voltaire says, "He had only a sense of order and a knowledge of detail, but no genius, while Henry IV. had both genius and the sense of order." A splendid pair of figures these, particularly when we consider all Sully's little peculiarities, which are also the peculiarities of his time. Sully was a firm believer in astrology, and a dozen instances of his intense superstition are recorded. Nevertheless, he has some insight; he is always complaining of the Parliament; he declares that if reason and justice are ever to be seen on this earth, they will be found in a single great man, and not in a multitude of mediocrities. He cherished the economic heresies of his time; he would not allow coins to be moved from one part of the country to another, nor foreign coins to pass into circulation. He opposed the manufacturing of silk and tapestry which Henry IV. founded in spite of him. He was avaricious, too, at the cost of the public revenue. In fine, Sully was a character in whom we might have been shown the very form and pressure of the age, whereas Henry IV., his

* "*From the Memoirs of a Minister of France*." By Stanley Weyman.
London : Cassell & Co. 1895.

master, was a genius who out-topped his century, and is now and then a modern by force of intuitive genius. Without pushing the matter further, we may admit that this collection of stories is one of Mr. Stanley Weyman's worst books.

THE CHEAP OPERA SEASON.

WHEN, I wonder, will these impresarios learn that an audience which pays half-a-guinea for its stall wants just as high, if not a higher, quality of entertainment as an audience which pays a whole guinea, and will always scorn the idea of taking a lower quality? Season has followed season of cheap opera, and each in succession has ignominiously failed, with the possible exception of Mr. Lago's season at the Shaftesbury, when the sudden popularity of "Cavalleria," then shown to the London public for the first time, made a difference to the box-office. And still the managerial mind seems to suffer from the old inability to comprehend in the least what happens when prices are lowered. The guinea people stay away, as, indeed, they would anyhow in the autumn, whether prices were high or low. The half-guinea people of the dear season descend and fill their vacant places; the five-shilling people take the half-guinea seats; and the gallery is packed partly with those who will pay a shilling or eighteenpence but imagine they cannot afford the half-crown charged in the summer, and partly with those who do attend in the summer, but follow the thrifty rule of taking the cheapest in all circumstances, just as the stalls are leavened by a number who pay their guinea in the summer with more cheerfulness than their half-guinea in the autumn, but love opera with sufficient ardour to take it in all circumstances. This is equivalent to saying that the cheap audience is as critical, as exacting in its demands for a good all-round performance, as the dear one. Opera in the summer is mainly a social function, and the artistic yearnings of its supporters seem fully gratified if scenery and mountings are opulent, and the favourites, Plançon, Eames, Melba, Patti, may be heard. Their taste in pure vocalism is perhaps a little finer, a little truer, than that of the autumn audience, but, on the other hand, they are careless about respectable acting and a decent ensemble. The very points which the autumn audience, knowing it cannot expect very exquisite vocalism, is likely to stipulate for. And there is no reason why these things should not be given. The larger harvest reaped by the box-office in the summer is devoured in the shape of the exorbitant fees demanded by the favourites, those children of joy, spoilt for a season, then cast into the gutter. When the favourites are absent and the box-office languishes a little, the only result ought to be the reaching of a higher general level, the more even maintenance of a fair degree of excellence; for the financial resources of the management remain much the same, and its mental resources cease to be drained by the eternal contingencies that the star system brings with it. This is precisely what the entrepreneur has hitherto declined to see. His motto has always been that anything would do for a cheap season. The end of it is that a cheap season has come to be a synonym for a careless season, a season of avoidable disasters, of singers put into wrong parts, of general hicklety-picklety; and the ill repute into which it is fallen makes the task of altering the state of affairs doubly difficult.

Whether the present season, organized by Mr. E. C. Hedmond, will prove on the whole an exception or an exemplification of the rule cannot yet be quite determined. The opening night, when "Tannhäuser" was given, was so very unlucky that it looked as if we were merely to have another specimen of cheap opera and nasty. On the other hand, Wednesday night's representation of "The Valkyrie" was in many respects so perfect, so very far beyond any previous performance of a Wagner music-drama in this country, that it gave one reason to hope that Mr. Hedmond had taken to heart the sad experience of his predecessors. Were "The Valkyrie" done every night, or the other operas done by the same artists (with the sole exception of Mr. Hedmond) who did "The Valkyrie," there can be little doubt that this season would show that cheap opera can be artistic and yet profitable. Unfortunately Mr. Hedmond takes part in most of the other operas and some of his

best singers do not; and, still more unfortunately, the other operas are conducted by a gentleman who is not Mr. Henschel, nor to be compared with Mr. Henschel. The orchestra is a capital one, but the best bandsmen in the world could do justice neither to themselves nor the music they play with such a conductor as Mr. Feld. To be fair to this gentleman, he seems to know the scores well enough, but it is his unhappy custom to mark the time with his elbows and not his baton. The view from the stalls is impressive, and I will not deny that it may be good value for one's half-a-guinea; but as the band cannot see Mr. Feld's elbows, and his various random gesticulations and beaming countenance, though exhilarating, are not particularly significant, it frequently happens that the trombones, on one side of the orchestra, and the horns, on the other, instead of playing a passage in unison, introduce a pretty little canon not contemplated by the composer; and then those greedy persons who want to take in their half-guinea's worth through their ears and not their eyes, must feel strongly inclined to go and demand their money back. Now that Mr. J. M. Glover has proved his prowess by conducting "Faust" infinitely better than (probably) most of us dreamed he could, there is no reason for giving Mr. Feld a free hand to mangle masterpieces night after night. But there are other defects to be removed besides Mr. Feld. Mr. Hedmond is his own stage-manager, and in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" the consequences were dire. For instance, the living picture by which Venus hopes to induce Tannhäuser to stay with her—living pictures being presumably a fascinating novelty in the Wartburg at the period—was shown while Tannhäuser had his back turned, so that his determination to get away seemed less reasonable to her than to us. Again, the most striking architectural feature in the roadside scene was a huge pair of steps, which made one wonder whether the Landgrave was having his castle fitted with electric light, and when later the evening star shone out on the end of an obvious flagstaff it looked as though that had been the case and the Landgrave was now trying how the light worked. Then in "Lohengrin" the trumpeters marched down to the footlights to blow a blast for Elsa's champion in the accustomed manner, only they neglected to wait until the King had given the command. In the bridal procession each lady in turn hooked herself upon a nail just as she came on and had to be disengaged; and the whole chorus giggled, and flirted, and talked in a manner which would scarcely be tolerated in a musical critic's private box. None of these shortcomings and excesses are inevitable: they might all be got rid of easily by the primitive expedient of engaging a competent stage-manager, or, better still, by Mr. Hedmond himself stage-managing as well as he did in "Faust" and leaving more than he does at present of the principal tenor parts to singers who can do them approximate justice.

For I am bound to say that in "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" the great blot upon the undertaking appeared to be Mr. Hedmond. In him seemed to meet all the evils devised by the actor-manager since Providence, with wider ken than ours, first sent the combination to plague mankind. His acting was amateurish, insincere, his voice wiry and given to wandering out of the key, his person not at all adapted to heroic parts, and all his conceptions so shifty and wavering that to follow his Tannhäuser or Lohengrin fatigued one like watching a conjuror balance a plate on the end of a stick. But in "The Valkyrie" his Siegmund was clear, definite, and consistent, blending heroism and pathos in just proportions; his voice was more robust, his intonation more accurate, and the bearskin, which was nearly all he had on, served at any rate to hide the jerkiness of his gestures. I am told that Mr. Hedmond is so wrapt up in his undertaking that he comes to the theatre every morning at ten o'clock, and does everything himself except sweep the floor; but surely it is a mistaken policy to work so hard all day at what is not his proper business that he cannot sing at night! It is only with what Mr. Hedmond does at night that the audience has any concern, and if he does not please them then they will hardly make allowance for what he has done all day. Either let him engage a competent stage-manager, so that his singing may be fairly judged on its merits, or give up singing for the present season, in which case no

one except the charwoman will have any reason to complain, even if he goes so far as to sweep the floor himself. Of the other artists, with the single notable exception of Mr. David Bispham, little need be said. They mostly have a tendency to sentimentality or melodrama, and in more than one case this is a pity. But for melodrama ("houw loike us thor sheemung" is surely Surrey Theatre rather than high-class opera!) Mr. Bevan's *Hunding* would have been a magnificent interpretation of a part which is so difficult that the best German singers who have hitherto visited us have not done it half so well as Mr. Bevan did, in spite of his one bad fault. But for sentimentality Miss Esty's *Elizabeth* would have compared with Miss Macintyre's and come within measurable distance of Albani's. Mr. Brozel, highly gifted as he is, seems bent on ruining himself by singing parts that are as yet very much beyond him; and besides, he has cultivated a defect of person which fatally interferes with his playing romantic characters without appearing ridiculous. There are, I believe, many excellent establishments where on the most moderate terms he might speedily be rendered fit to appear upon the stage again.

It would be a poor kindness to Mr. Hedmond to raise a paeon of praise, while overlooking the defects which may hinder his scheme from winning the success it doubtless deserves. But it would be less kind still—and no one can feel other than kindly disposed to Mr. Hedmond—to close without acknowledging the artistic skill and conscience, the tireless industry and enthusiasm, which must have gone to secure the unique performance of "*The Valkyrie*." I have not space for a detailed appreciation, and can, therefore, merely briefly refer to Mr. Bispham's imposing Wotan, Miss Susan Strong's delightful, if the least trifle monotonous, Sieglinde, and Madame Lilian Tree's delicately beautiful conception, and occasionally beautiful execution, of the part of Brunnhilde. Mr. Henschel is a conductor of whom I have no very high opinion, but only superlatives are appropriate to his work on this occasion. I trembled for the Fire scene, but after the unnecessary hitch at the start it came off gorgeously. And as "*The Valkyrie*" seems to be the opera Mr. Hedmond can do best, and it is practically a novelty, I am inclined to recommend him to put his trust in that—in that, and attention to the many little matters which previous cheap season managers have neglected—for the ultimate success of the present season.

J. F. R.

PINERO AS HE IS ACTED.

"*The Benefit of the Doubt*." A new and original comedy, in three acts. By Arthur W. Pinero. Comedy Theatre, 16 October, 1895.

"*Poor Mr. Potton*." A new and original farce, in three acts. By Clarence Hamlyn and H. M. Paull. Vaudeville Theatre, 10 October, 1895.

THIS time Mr. Pinero has succeeded. "*The Benefit of the Doubt*" is worth "*The Profligate*," "*Mrs. Tanqueray*," and "*Mrs. Ebbsmith*" rolled into one and multiplied by ten. It is melancholy to have to add that it has broken the back of our London stage, and may even fail through the sniffing monotony and dreary ugliness of the acting; but about the merit of the play there can be no question. Mr. Pinero, concentrating himself on a phase of life and sentiment which he thoroughly understands, has extracted abundant drama from it, and maintained it at an astonishingly high and even pressure for two hours, without for a moment being driven back on the woman with a past, the cynical libertine peer, the angel of purity, the Cayley Drumble confidant, or any other of the conventional figures which inevitably appear in his plays whenever he conceives himself to be dealing as a sociologist with public questions of which he has no solid knowledge, but only a purely conventional and theatrical conceit. In "*The Benefit of the Doubt*" he keeps within the territory he has actually explored; and the result is at once apparent in the higher dramatic pressure, the closer-knit action, the substitution of a homogeneous slice of life for the old theatrical sandwich of sentiment and comic relief, and the comparative originality, naturalness, and free development of the characters. Even in the machinery by which the persons of the play are got on and off the stage there is a marked

improvement. It is artificial enough—Mr. Pinero has not exactly been born again—but at least there are no intercepted letters, or sendings of one set of people to France and another to India in order to enable a lady to arrive unexpectedly or a gentleman to walk in by night at the drawing-room window. There certainly is one nocturnal visit through a window; but it is pardonable; and for the rest, the people come and gain a normal and respectable manner. The play is of a frivolous widow with three fast, slangy, pretty daughters, two of them married. An amiable young gentleman named John Allingham, tormented by a frightfully jealous wife, confides his miseries to one of the married daughters, a Mrs. Fraser (Fraser being much away from home). The jealous Mrs. Allingham sues for a judicial separation, and the play opens at the point where her petition is refused. Mrs. Fraser, however, only escapes very narrowly, as the Judge comments strongly on her indiscretion, and suggests nothing more complimentary for her than "the benefit of the doubt." When Mr. Fraser comes home, he acts on this suggestion so very grudgingly that Mrs. Fraser rushes off to throw herself upon the more sympathetic Allingham. But that ill-starred example of the perils of excessive good-nature has meanwhile succumbed to his wife's appeal for a reconciliation, she being nearly as violent in her remorse as in her jealousy, and much less reasonable. There you have your drama: first, in the suspense of awaiting the verdict, ended by the return of Mrs. Fraser from the divorce court to face out her disgrace before her family and be driven to desperation by the rebuff from her husband; and second, her arrival at Allingham's house just as the demon of jealousy has been reinstalled there on the domestic throne. In handling all this Mr. Pinero is never at a loss. He knows what pretty daughters and frivolous mothers are like in those circles which used to be called *demi-mondaine* before that distinction was audaciously annexed by people who are not *mondaïne* at all; he knows what the divorce court and the newspapers mean to them; he knows what a jealous woman is like; and he has dramatized them all with an intensity never attained by him before. Consciously or unconsciously, he has this time seen his world as it really is: that is, a world which never dreams of bothering its little head with large questions or general ideas. He no longer attempts to dress up Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins like Mrs. Besant, and to present the ridiculous result as a portrait of a typical modern "advanced" woman: he sticks to the Bayswater-Kensington *genre*, of which he is a master. He does not even adulterate it with conventional stage sentiment: for instance, none of Mrs. Empatage's fast and rather raffish daughters burst into tears at the thought of the holy purity of their sixteenth year, when they could look angels in the face unashamed, as Paula Tanqueray did. His early weaknesses have disappeared along with his late affectations; and the happy issue is the best serious play he has yet produced.

The subject of the acting is almost too painful to face. The second act, which lasts for more than an hour, is pervaded by the violently jealous wife. She only leaves the stage to give place to her wearied and desperate rival, who ends by drinking champagne cup to save herself from fainting, and, having fed on nothing all day but excitement, naturally gets tipsy and hysterical. Such scenes, however moving and interesting they may be, and however skilfully written, can only be made tolerable by sheer beauty of execution. Tact and experience—the best substitutes our unfortunate stage can offer—may do something to steer the performance clear of positive offensiveness; but tact and experience are not enough: unless the lines are spoken by voices of which the ear never tires, with gestures and action which never lose their fascination, the result can be no better than a disagreeable experience, drawing a crowd and holding it only as a street accident does. The reason why the second act made the audience uneasy was that long before the end of it we had had enough, and more than enough, not of the play, but of the performers. We all know the melodramatic style which grew up in the days when actors who played "emotional" parts habitually got themselves into the requisite maudlin condition by making themselves half drunk. This was the true origin of the detestable veiled voice and muzzy utterance which no longer pro-

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duce any illusion except that of the odour of spirits. The actor of the past did not walk across the stage to open the door : he plunged headlong at the handle, and, when he had safely grasped it, rolled his eye round to give some pretence of dramatic significance to an action which really expressed nothing but his doubts as to his ability to walk straight. He hung over the furniture, leant against the staircase, wallowed, collapsed tragically when he sat down, did everything, in short, to conceal his condition and cover up the absence of that clear, sober, elegant speech and movement which mark the self-possessed and accomplished artist. The old drunken habits have nearly passed away—at least, I hope future generations of critics will not often have to write sympathetic obituary notices deplored the “breakdown in health” of actors and actresses who notoriously drank themselves first off the stage and then out of the world—but the style of acting that arose in the days when everybody drank remains with us as a senseless superstition, and is still laboriously acquired and cultivated by perfectly sober actors. Unhappily for Mr. Pinero’s play, Mr. Leonard Boyne, who probably has no suspicion of the real origin of the traditional style of play of which he has made himself, next to Mr. Charles Warner, the most popular exponent, played John Allingham as he would have played an Adelphi or Drury Lane hero. Miss Lily Hanbury, as the jealous Mrs. Allingham, soon proved the weakness of our system of promoting young ladies to leading parts on the strength of good looks and general intelligence and address. Miss Hanbury acted as acting is understood on the London stage. That is, she expressed emotion by catching the left side of her under lip between her front teeth, and twisting the right corner as much out of its natural place as possible. She cried, and declared that she was “bad,” meaning that she was mad. Her voice, which careful cultivation might by this time have made a very agreeable one, still has all its girlish, nasal character. Five minutes of Mr. Boyne and Miss Hanbury, doing some light and pleasant work in an ordinary play, would leave the impression that they were charming and clever people, and encourage our fatuous satisfaction with the most incompetent profession in the world ; but half an hour of them—such a half-hour as Mr. Pinero has set them—may I never spend such another ! They did their best ; but they were hopelessly overparted. As to Miss Winifred Emery, she received boundless applause ; but as it burst out in all its enthusiasm in the first act, before she had uttered a word or made a gesture, it may safely be discounted. All the same, Miss Emery played astonishingly well, considering that she is virtually a beginner at work so difficult as that cut out for her by Mr. Pinero. She was, of course, powerfully aided by her natural charm, and by the confidence in it which experience has given her. The champagne scene and the passages of querulous lassitude were frankly realistic ; and I rather doubt whether a less pretty and popular lady dare have treated them so without greater art to help her. Even as it was, Miss Emery sometimes lost her style and allowed her intonation to become decidedly disagreeable. But for the most part, and especially in the first act, she got far beyond any point I have seen her reach before, and, indeed, beyond any point that is commonly reached by our London “leading ladies.” She evidently only wants plenty of that sort of work to make her, within the limits of her temperament, a highly accomplished actress.

Miss Rose Leclercq, not this time condemned to play the usual caricature of herself, had a real part, and played it with real distinction. The other parts are of the usual type ; that is to say, they require a certain professional habit for their effective presentation, but involve little knowledge of the art of acting. The best of them are in the hands of Miss Esme Beringer, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald. Mr. Pinero, always a bad hand at casting a play, has not fitted Miss Beringer very happily—more’s the pity, as she is one of the few young actresses now on the stage who have studied their profession, or even realized that there is anything to study in it.

“Poor Mr. Potton,” at the Vaudeville, is called a farce, even a new and original farce ; but it is hardly more than a romp. However, it is tolerably good fun

of its kind, childish fun mostly as regards the action, clever fun occasionally as regards the lines. The scenes, especially the last act, are not at all ill-planned : there is a certain incongruity between the jejune flimsiness of the general notion of the play and the comparative solidity and intelligence with which it is put together. Probably this is a natural consequence of the collaboration between Mr. Clarence Hamlyn and Mr. Paull. From the critical point of view the play is chiefly interesting as an example of the extent to which brutality and silliness are still in demand in our theatres, just as the performance is an example of the impudent artlessness with which long scenes can be gabbled through on the London stage without provoking as much criticism as a company of children performing in a nursery would receive from their parents. The brutality is, of course, unconscious, though that is an excellent reason for a critical attempt to induce some consciousness of it. The fun of the play lies in the engagement of Mr. Potton (Mr. Weedon Grossmith) to an elderly and several times widowed heroine (Miss Gladys Homfrey). Miss Gladys Homfrey is a lady of very ample proportions. I shall not attempt to estimate the excess of her weight over that of Mr. Weedon Grossmith with precision : let me put it roughly and safely at not less than fifty pounds. Need I add that the main joke in “Poor Mr. Potton” is the spectacle of Miss Homfrey throwing herself ponderously on Mr. Grossmith’s neck, and being petted and kissed and courted by him. I am obliged to make the strange confession that I do not enjoy this sort of stage effect ; though I admit that the guffaws which it invariably elicits show that London audiences do not agree with me. Mr. Gilbert quite understood his public when he furnished his operas so carefully with stout and mature ladies for the express purpose of making fun of their age and figure. Such fun has always revolted me ; and I am waiting for the time when it will revolt the public too. I have by me a book called “The Elizabethan Hamlet,” by Mr. John Corbin, published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, in which the author succeeds in fully driving home the fact, not of course hitherto unknown, but certainly hitherto underestimated, that Hamlet first became popular on the stage as a madman : that is, as a comic person according to the ideas of that time. I say of that time as a matter of politeness to my contemporaries, though any one who has ever seen a village idiot at large must have seen also a crowd of villagers teasing him, encouraging him to make uncouth sounds and cut deplorable capers, and laughing at him with gross enjoyment as at one of Nature’s primest jokes. It has always been so, I am afraid. The old-fashioned king’s jester was not a clever, satirical, able person like Dumas’s Chicot : he was a zany, a poor idiot, a butt, not a wit. Fortunately we have at last reached a point at which the old Hamlet play is out of the question, whilst the masterpiece which Shakespeare built on it is the most popular play we have. But is there any distinction, except in degree of atrocity, between the old brutal laughter at “Hamlet’s” madness and murderous cunning, and our laughter to-day at the Lady Janes of Mr. Gilbert, and at certain comedians and music-hall artists who are commercially fortunate enough to be abnormally small or grotesque in appearance ? And if Shakespeare, in a much coarser age, could take subjects which were reeking with the vilest stage traditions, and lift them at one stroke to the highest tragic dignity, is it too much to ask that our modern dramatists should habitually assume that “the British public” consists of humane persons with developed sympathies, and not of rowdy undergraduates and street Arabs ? I presume that Miss Gladys Homfrey has an honourable ambition to distinguish herself in the art of acting, as Mrs. Stirling and Mrs. Gilbert have distinguished themselves. Why then should she be condemned to merely exhibit herself as a fat lady ? I am not pretending to ignore the fact that personality is an element in the qualification of an actor or actress as well as skill, and that our stage affords so little training that practical dramatic authorship has become the art of exploiting the personalities of popular favourites instead of setting tasks to the executive skill of accomplished artists. If a young author were to come to me and announce his intention of striving to win fame by creating an imaginary heroine who should survive millions of real women as Imogen and Gretchen have, I

should, in the paternal character of a man of the world, immediately reply, "Bless your innocence, you mustn't do that. You must vamp up a serious part that will fit Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and a serio-comic part that will fit Miss Fanny Brough, bearing carefully in mind that neither of these ladies ever acts anybody but herself, nor indeed dare do it, since the public goes to the theatre to see them playing themselves and not to enjoy dramatic poetry or fine acting." Still, there are limits even to the compulsory cynicism of dramatic authorship. The author may be forced to exploit a lady's temperament and appearance because she cannot act; but he need not condescend to exploit her circumference. Characters like Falstaff are not added to dramatic literature by any process so cheap as the simple making game of the stoutest member of the profession.

Two parts in "Poor Mr. Potton" are well played. Mr. Weedon Grossmith succeeds in making Potton perfectly real, and quite a different person from the other characters of his creation. His perplexed conviction, the apparent unconsciousness with which he allows his funniest points to make themselves, the art with which he takes care that they shall make themselves, and the adroitness of his execution, leave nothing for the critic to say except that the part is as well done as it can be done. Miss Haydon, as Mrs. Potton, makes a charming old lady, preserving her own dignity and that of her art, as well as the verisimilitude of the play, without losing a scrap of comic effect. I will not say that none of the rest were amusing; but they certainly were often quite as annoying as amusing, gabbling and guylng as if the play were being performed for their entertainment much more than for that of the audience. Accustomed as I am becoming to see important parts given to clowning novices and to young women whose flippant personal vanity, bad manners, vulgarly titivated costumes, and slipshod carelessness of speech and action would not be tolerated from a parlour-maid by the people who are expected to pay half a guinea for a seat at the theatre, it hardly now seems worth while to complain of an outrage more or less in this direction. The Vaudeville company, apart from Mr. Grossmith and Miss Haydon, is neither better nor worse than I expected to find it. The exceptions were Miss Beet, who gave a capital sketch of an irritable general servant, and Mr. Tom Terriss, whose father has endowed him handsomely with an admirable voice and an attractive figure and face, disinheriting him only in the matter of his chin, which is a comparatively unfamiliar feature. If Mr. Terriss's part was not a very exacting one, he at least got a thorough grip of it, and would have pleased the audience even if his name had been an unknown one.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

BUSINESS was very quiet in the Money Market throughout the week, and the Stock Exchange Settlement had but little effect in increasing the demand for loans. Rates were a fraction harder in the early part of the week, but the London market is still by far the cheapest in the world, whilst rates on the Continent are gradually rising in consequence of the over-speculation. In Paris money has been getting dearer ever since the stoppage of "kite-bills" on London. "Bear" sales of Home Government securities had the effect of temporarily lowering quotations in that market, but the news that the Sultan had agreed to the proposals of the Powers in regard to the Armenians restored firmness. Consols closed on Thursday at 107 $\frac{7}{8}$ for money and for the account. The Bank-rate is unchanged at 2 per cent.

On the Stock Exchange the unsettled condition of the Mining departments made business slacker than ever. In spite of "executions" and heavy contagoes at from 20 to 40 per cent per annum, the mining account is still very large. Had it not been for the loans of Scotch and provincial banks, the creation of Continental accommodation bills, and the manipulations of trusts, the preposterous prices of the last few months would never have been seen. Last week's scare, which was only the premonitory symptom of a breakdown at some future date, disclosed the fact that when speculators in the Kaffir market get nervous, many mining prices be-

come at once quite nominal. By the way, Tuesday next is the pay-day for the 2,000,000 shares of the Barnato Bank. We wonder how many shares are likely to be taken up by the unfortunate purchasers, and how many will have to be carried over by Mr. Barnato himself. The issue of this ank Band of the Robinson Relief Bank has undoubtedly been most injurious to the South African market.

The recent partial "slump" on the Stock Exchange was due in part, it appears, to the exertions of a single man. Some four or five weeks ago Mr. Leopold Hirsch sent out a letter marked "private," advising his clients that he would not carry over any more mining stock; and as Mr. Leopold Hirsch does probably ten times as much business as any other broker in the Mining market, the drop in prices that ensued is partially accounted for. If we consider that Mr. Leopold Hirsch of Warrford Court is not even a member of the Stock Exchange, it must be admitted that he has won his way to fortune with astonishing rapidity. His father was a tailor in South Germany, but the wise Leopold came over to England in his youth and chose rather to cut coupons than cloth. His choice was justified: he managed to marry one of the Seligmans, and so acquired the reflected respectability of the bank. It is less than ten years since he went into the Mining market, and yet in this short period he is said to have amassed more than a million. He was one of the first in the South African market, and priority of occupation is often equivalent to possession; but still ability of a certain sort cannot be denied to him, and still less will it be contested that his ability has been amply rewarded. Some papers, we see, attribute to Mr. Leopold Hirsch the intention of marrying Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert, but these papers confuse Mr. Leopold Hirsch with Mr. Adolph Hirsch, his brother, who is still unmarried.

Mr. Leopold Hirsch's refusal to carry over mining shares, though admirably timed, was not the sole, nor even the chief, cause of the recent fall in prices. Some Paris bankers, it appears, had been speculating heavily on a rise, and had paid for their purchases of mining shares by bills drawn upon one another. This little game has now come to its inevitable and well-deserved conclusion. The weak and wild "bulls" have come to grief and in consequence of their disaster the tone of the market has improved. As we have said again and again, the stock of the best mines does not stand unduly high, and so long as Consols are over 107 no great fall in the prices of these shares is to be anticipated. The recent "slump" has only hurt the price of the good shares from 10 to 25 per cent, while these shares have increased from 100 to 500 per cent in value in the last six months. We believe, as we said last week, that good mining shares will go still better. If, however, the French people took it into their heads that we were their enemies and accordingly began to sell Kaffirs, a real "slump" might take place; but this contingency is too remote to be worth calculating.

Home Railways, with the exception of the Scotch stocks, were dull, in sympathy with the South African market. The traffic returns were on the whole satisfactory. If we leave out of account the North-Eastern, the North Staffordshire, and the Midland, all the other lines show traffic receipts equal to or greater than those recorded in 1892 before the coal strike.

The fear of further shipments of gold and the rise in the sterling exchange combined with the flatness of the South African market to depress the prices of American railways, in spite of excellent traffic receipts on the principal lines. Little business was done except in Investment bonds, which remained firm. There was a tendency to weakness in Canadian Pacific shares, and Mexican railways were entirely neglected. South American railways fluctuated irregularly, and little business was transacted in them. The depression in "Kaffirs" was also reflected in the Foreign and General Mining markets. Silver was weak, and stood on Thursday as low as 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce.

We have previously commented upon the favourably altered conditions of the Harmony Proprietary Company,

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Limited, consequent upon the enforced retirement of the Messrs. Mockford from the direction and management of that undertaking. We are now informed that Sir Edward James Reed, K.C.B., F.R.S., has accepted a seat upon the board of directors, and has been duly elected chairman of the Harmony Proprietary Company.

We understand that our exposure of the promoters of the Mozambique Exploration, Trading, and Development Company, Limited, has killed that interesting project. The company, in spite of the preliminary puffing which six weeks ago was intended to herald its early appearance, will not be brought out.

We have received a letter from the Secretary of the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, in which he asks us to contradict a statement which appeared in the "Financial News" (and upon which we commented) to the effect that "Mr. Llewellyn Williams, M.E., the representative of the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, is on his way home from West Australia with fresh properties for flotation upon the London market." The secretary says that the "Financial News" statement is untrue in so far as it relates to his Corporation. We are glad to hear it, and we trust that it is also untrue that Mr. Llewellyn Williams is bringing home from West Australia fresh properties for flotation upon the London market. They might possibly prove a little too fresh, if they at all resembled the McKenzie Gold Mines. It seems to us that the Secretary of the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, in the letter which he has been good enough to send us, protests a little too much. He appears to be very anxious on behalf of his Corporation to disclaim all connection with, and knowledge of, Mr. Llewellyn Williams, M.E.; and yet it is not so very long ago that they were amicably promoting companies together! Could we be informed which of the parties terminated these friendly relations? And could we also be informed if the Western Australian Development Corporation, Limited, ever issued any prospectus? If it did, we should be glad to see a copy.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE ANCHOR TIN MINE, LIMITED (TASMANIA).

We have received, and are very pleased to publish, the following letter from Sir Edward Braddon:

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

HOBART, TASMANIA, 24 August, 1895.

SIR,—In your remarks about the Anchor Tin Mine (Tasmania) you expressed your regret that I should have given my name, as a director, to this venture.

Permit me to say that I only consented to act as a director when I had obtained the opinion of the Secretary of Mines as to the propriety of my doing so. That gentleman (who is a public servant of tried honesty and worth, and who is advised by one of the most competent geological surveyors in Australasia) advised me that I might safely allow my name to be used.

Of the prospectus issued in London I know nothing.—I am, yours faithfully,

E. BRADDON.

We are quite sure that Sir Edward Braddon would not have allowed his name to be used without being satisfied of "the propriety of doing so," by which phrase we suppose he means that he made certain that the property to be acquired was a real and not a bogus one. We did not, however, contend that the property was worthless. We said that Australian tin, as a marketable commodity, was not what it used to be, and we urged that the promoters were asking a great deal too much money for the property; above all, we criticized the prospectus that was issued as an unsatisfactory and disingenuous production. Sir Edward tells us that he knows nothing of the prospectus issued in London—we can only feel extremely sorry that this was so. We have taken the trouble to read that prospectus again, and we are confident that, had he seen it, Sir Edward Braddon would never have permitted his name to appear upon such a document.

THE "BREAD UNION" GANG.

We referred last week to the fact that Hannan's Excelsior Gold Mines, Limited, and the Pilbara United Gold Mines, Limited (as well as the Finance Corporation of Western Australia, Limited, the prospectus of which we had previously dealt with), were promoted by Harrison Ainsworth and Samuel Wickens, two principal members of the "Bread Union" gang. We printed the names of the various directors of the above-named companies, as also those of Mr. F. D. Bentley, the broker, and Mr. W. A. Thomson, the solicitor, which figured on each of the prospectuses. We stated our belief that none of the gentlemen alluded to would allow their names to appear in connection with schemes which were the reverse of reputable, and we expressed the opinion that they were unacquainted with the reputations which the promoters of these companies bear. We regret, however, to say that we have not since heard of the resignation of any of the persons we named, although we have learned that another member of the "Bread Union" combination—a Mr. James, or "Jim," Kotchie—is also concerned in these promotions. Under these circumstances we feel compelled to again give the names of the gentlemen who have associated themselves, as directors, with the companies to which we have made reference, viz. the Finance Corporation of Western Australia, Limited, Hannan's Excelsior Gold Mines, Limited, and the Pilbara United Gold Mines, Limited. The gentlemen in question are :

Mr. D. W. Wales, Palmerston Buildings, E.C.
Mr. Charles B. Prust, 167 Holland Road, Kensington, W.
Major-General Bates, Goldsmiths' Avenue, Acton, and a Howard Road, Cricklewood, N.W.
Mr. C. Bradley, Leighwoods, Richmond.
Mr. J. B. Guthrie, Messrs. J. B. Guthrie & Son, Leadenhall Street, E.C.
Mr. G. J. Malcolm Kearton, 28 Fenchurch Street, E.C.
Alderman Hawkes, Brighton.
Mr. R. Terrett, Woodstone Manor, Peterborough.

"NO PROSPECTUS" COMPANIES.

We are now enabled to add the following to the list of "delusive investments," which we published in our issue of the 5th instant :

Abercorn Reefs, Limited.
African Gold Concessions and Development Company, Limited.
Anglo-African Gold Properties, Limited.
Barberton Reefs, Limited.
Birthday Amalgamated Gold Mines, Limited.
Buluwayo Gold Reefs, Limited.
Bushman's Gold Mining Company, Limited.
Cameron Block Gold Mining Company, Limited.
Central Coolgardie Gold Mines, Limited.
Great Boulder Junction Reefs, Limited.
Great De Kaap (Moodie's) Goldfield, Limited.
Gwelo (Matabeleland) Exploration and Development Company, Limited.
Hammond's Matabele Gold Mining Development, Limited.
Lydenburg Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited.
Massi Kessi Goldfields, Limited.
Matabele Ancient Gold Reefs, Limited.
Mozambique Reefs, Limited.
New Cassel Coal and Exploration Company of South Africa, Limited.
Noltzykop Gold Mine, Limited.
North Sheba Gold and Exploration, Limited.
Rand d'Or, Limited.
Rand Consols, Limited.
Sam's Wealth of Nations Gold and Exploration, Limited.
Sheba Queen Gold and Exploration, Limited.
South Swaziland Gold Mining Company, Limited.
Southern Gedenhuis Gold Mining Company, Limited.
Waterford Prospecting Company, Limited.
Zapopan Mines, Limited.

Some of these companies emanate from "bucket shops" pure and simple, while others hail from "Corporations" and "Investors' Agencies," which are to all intents and purposes "bucket shops" also. We fear that our list

is even yet very incomplete. As we have previously stated, there is no money to be made out of the shares of such "companies" as these by anybody except their astute promoters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COSAS DE COREA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEVIZES, 16 October, 1895.

SIR,—If Corea has few other characteristics of Western civilization, it possesses the inestimable blessing of political parties. When foreigners first began to scrape acquaintance with it, some five-and-twenty years ago, the individual who figures in recent telegrams as the Tai-won-kun held the reins of power. He was father of the now reigning king, and governed as regent during his minority. He represents the finest old crusted Toryism; whereas the present king—mainly, it is said, through the influence of his wife, who comes of Liberal stock—was held, before recent troubles broke out, to incline to the Liberal side. Power means place, and place means emoluments, in Corea. As soon, therefore, as the king came of age and assumed power, the queen, who seems to rule the roost, installed many of her relatives in office. Hence acute antagonism between her and the Tai-won-kun.

In a capital where the air is redolent of conspiracy and intrigue, this led promptly to plots for overthrowing the "ins" and replacing the ex-regent and his allies in power. On 23 July, 1882, the storm burst. Its first fury was directed against the Japanese Legation, which seems to have been scarcely more popular then than now. The inmates, some thirty in number, defended themselves gallantly till fire was applied to the neighbouring houses; it was then time to cut their way out. With the Japanese Minister, Mr. Hanabusa, at their head, they succeeded; and, after a futile attempt to obtain shelter at the palace, they made their way to the sea-coast, where they found one of the ubiquitous British gunboats, which took them on board and conveyed them to Nagasaki. They had, however, lost eight of their number during the retreat, besides others who had been killed in Söul.

It is surprising that any escaped at all; but the rioters were probably eager to turn their attention to higher game. They proceeded to the royal palace; and early reports said they had either murdered, or intimidated into committing suicide, the queen, the crown prince, and several of the highest officials. What was certain was that the Tai-won-kun had grasped the reality of power. Fears were entertained lest war should break out over the imbroglio; but China acted, for once, with promptitude. Directly the news reached Tientsin, Li Hung-chang despatched an official named Ma-Kien-chung, with sundry warships and several thousand soldiers, to settle matters. Ma-Kien-chung's method was to invite the Tai-won-kun to dinner, arrest him, clap him into a sedan chair, hurry him down to the coast, and put him on board a Chinese ironclad, almost before his partisans could hear the news. An apology, an indemnity, and other concessions, appeased the anger of Japan; the king resumed the reins of power, and even the queen came back to life, one of her maids, as it proved, having accepted death in her stead, while she herself escaped to a village, where she remained in hiding till the storm was past.

It may, perhaps, have occurred to you by this time that what has induced me to recall this old story is its remarkable similarity to the tale which has come to us by telegraph within the last few days. Again there has been an *émeute*, commenced, it would seem, this time, by a battalion of "reformed"—that is foreign-drilled—troops. Again, the queen is said to have been murdered; but it seems scarcely possible to hope, this time, that her identity may have been disguised behind one of the ladies of her suite. Again, the Tai-won-kun appears to have been concerned in the plot, and to have entered the palace and taken charge of affairs directly the rioters had done their work. The analogy is complete, even to the safety of the king and the anti-reform character of the row. "Verily there is no new thing under the sun!"

It may seem curious that the Japanese troops, who are said to have been about the palace, did not interfere; and that the Tai-won-kun, whom the Japanese have already tried and found unmanageable, should have been allowed to assume a prominent part. But I might be carried out of my depth, or at any rate beyond the limits of space, if I plunged into political surmise; so I confine myself to telling the tale, and to noting the implication of the semi-paternal *soshi*, who seem to be the chartered (political) libertines of Japan.—Yours truly,

TZE-LING.

FEUDAL ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 14 October, 1895.

SIR,—In your notice of the above work, your reviewer states, in his opening paragraph, that out of "some thirty essays" it contains, all but three are "reprinted from various periodicals." I am sure you will, in fairness, allow me to observe that, excluding these three, nineteen of the remainder are published for the first time, and only eight have appeared before, while even these contain additions. As I mention in the first paragraph of my Preface, that "the greater portion of the work is new," your reviewer has no more excuse for misrepresenting the facts than he has throughout the rest of his notice. I trust you will, at least, do me the justice of inserting this correction of a statement calculated to injure the book no less prominently than the review itself.

Your reviewer is rather late in the day in being "not in the least prepared to accept" what he terms my "startling" and "most important theory" on knight-service. If he will refer to the great "History of English Law" (Cambridge: University Press) by Professors Maitland and Sir F. Pollock (whose names will be sufficient for scholars), he will learn that they have not only accepted it, but have recorded that they deem it "proved by Mr. Round's convincing papers." Your reviewer is welcome to upset it if he can; but he will hardly do so by misrepresenting the theory, and then assailing it on the strength of deliberately garbled evidence. It needs no expert to perceive that the evidence he triumphantly adduces relates to only one knight and a half out of the "two knights and a half" he mentions. Why does he thus stop short? Because the fee of the remaining knight contains ten hides, and thus knocks the bottom out of his contention. Deliberately suppressing this fact, he claims to have "conclusively" and "indubitably" proved a fact which, even if it were proved, would not affect my real theory, which (wilfully or not) he misrepresents.

I must not occupy your valuable space by similarly exposing his misrepresentations as to the Freeman controversy, so I will only say that they justify my forecast in "Feudal England" that "the impotent wrath aroused" by my *exposé* of Mr. Freeman's errors would doubtless lead to other attacks on me, "equally unscrupulous and equally futile."—Yours truly,

J. H. ROUND.

[Leaving out any reply to the inevitable imputation of malevolence with which Mr. Round accompanies all his replies to those who criticize him, I wish to answer in a few words the definite points which he makes.

(1) I evidently owe him an apology for stating that the shorter papers were all or mostly reprints. My mistake was due to his own statement in the preface that the present work was the outcome of a request to him that he should reprint his scattered papers. That he then stated that he had added to them much that was new meant to me that he had enlarged the individual articles, not that he had written new ones. I am sorry for the mistake, which does not in the least affect my arguments.

(2) I must be pardoned for not being convinced about Mr. Round's theory of knight service till he has explained the many impossibilities to which his theory leads. I quoted against him half-a-dozen difficulties, of which he takes notice only of one. In this one he wholly misrepresents the answer of Roger of Berkeley on the third knight's fee. For producing his remaining knight Roger gives a disputed claim on three subtenants owing $\frac{1}{2}$ (he calls

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it 10) hides, whence they deny that they owe him service for the whole. That he returns this claim as sufficing to provide a knight means, of course, not that the 9½ or 10 hides were a fee, but that he thought that the partly acknowledged claim on them ought to be worth a knight. As Sir Henry Barkly remarks in his commentary on this passage, "Roger complains that three of his old tenants refuse, in consequence of the forfeitures he had incurred, to do their full service. Roger proposes a compromise to the Crown, to debit himself with one knight in respect of the disputed ten hides, which ought to have produced two." So far is Mr. Round from having "knocked the bottom out of my theory," that his objection is of no value whatever.

(3) He may well refuse to enter into what he calls the "Freeman controversy," for I specifically stated that I was not defending Professor Freeman, but wishing to ascertain the truth about the barricades. Mr. Round has convinced no one but himself as yet on this point.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMENIANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

OXFORD, 15 October, 1895.

SIR,—The Armenian bubble is showing signs of bursting, if, indeed, it has not already burst. To me the wonder is that it ever came to exist at all; and this wonder is shared by every one whom I have met who has ever made any stay in the region affected and is in a position to judge. Without in any way pretending to be a lover of the Osmanli, or an admirer of his *façon d'agir*, I cannot understand that any Englishman who knows the Armenians at home should be anything else than an Armenophobe. We seem to have been completely duped by the few exotic specimens in England who are on their best behaviour, and about as like their brethren in the East as a goldfish in a basin is like a shark.

A friend of mine, an English lady who resides not a hundred miles from Hadjin, has been writing me some letters on the subject, an extract from one of which may interest your readers. I quote the most striking passage, and I must add that my informant is beyond suspicion.

" —, 28 September, 1895.

" The country is more uneasy than ever. . . . A man has been arrested on whom a letter from the Revolutionary Committee in Paris was found, saying that they were to kill an English consul or two and some missionaries, and then their cause would prosper and things come to a climax quicker. Thousands are enrolled in Hadjin and neighbourhood, well armed and officered; they have even dynamite bombs, and threaten a rising *en masse* in a week or two. Surely these things ought not to be winked at by Europe; and in my own and many people's opinion the Armenians do not deserve the sympathy they have managed to create. What they want is a king of their own choosing, and, as Mr. C—— very correctly told me the other day, among the three millions of Armenians, two and a-half millions claim a right to the title."

—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, VIVIEN DEYNE.

ATHENS IN 1895.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE PLAYERS, 16 GRAMERCY PARK,
NEW YORK, 7 October, 1895.

SIR,—In "Athens in 1895" (28 September), it is well said that, "standing on the spot, in front of the Caryatid maidens, one asks oneself: Is it conceivable that any Greek architect would have erected that porch to face the dead wall of another building which stood at the distance of a few inches?" When, in 1880, I studied the Acropolis, Pausanias in hand, it seemed to me that his silence in regard to the Erechtheum was conclusive—if other evidence than the structure itself were needed—and that the Caryatid maidens were never designed by "Greek" architects but belong to the later Greco-Roman period. The suggestion was made by me to Sir Charles Newton, but it seemed to give him so much pain that I took no further steps to evoke criticism.—Yours truly,

COPE WHITEHOUSE.

THE COMPOSITION OF THE CABINET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BLACKHEATH, 15 October, 1895.

Sir,—The letter of "A Working Conservative," which appeared in your issue of the 12th inst., is highly amusing to read. Is he really serious when he states that "the present Government will, in the *personnel* of its members, be less in touch with the constituencies—in other words, the country—than any Government of the last fifty years," because, forsooth, the majority of Ministers belong to that much-abused class, the land-owner? I can quite understand the unpopularity of the Cabinet by reason of the unjustifiable number of seats which have been allotted in it to Liberal Unionists, the result of which is that many of our own men who had a right to expect office have been shelved, while others who are actually in the Government have had to accept inferior positions than otherwise would have been given them.

"A Working Conservative" further complains that "the commercial, manufacturing, educational, agricultural, industrial, &c. interests have been practically ignored." I fail to see in what way previous Governments during the last fifty years have represented these various interests in a more direct manner than the present one, excepting, perhaps, in the case of industrial classes, which were possibly represented by Mr. Burt in the late Government, though there are doubts as to whether he now truly represents them.

The one great "danger to the life" of the Government lies, not in the fact that the several interests mentioned are not directly represented, but rather in the domineering influence which Mr. Chamberlain is allowed to exercise over its policy. It may safely be predicted that if Mr. Chamberlain continues to hold virtually, if not actually, the position of Prime Minister, then, indeed, will the days of the Government be numbered, for the loyalty of the rank-and-file of the party will be strained to its utmost limits, and the result will be the defeat of the Government by the votes of its naturally incensed supporters.

I must strongly protest against "A Working Conservative's" depreciation of the abilities of Mr. Akers Douglas, who has well earned and richly deserves his seat in the Cabinet. Lord Salisbury redeemed to some extent many other injudicious appointments by including in the Cabinet Mr. Akers Douglas and excluding Sir John Gorst. In fact, many Conservatives regret that Sir John Gorst should have been found a place in the Ministry at all. His views in regard to Labour questions are very advanced, and he is a member of that democratic party of which the late Lord Randolph Churchill was a leading light, and which has already done incalculable mischief to the Conservative cause.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

POLITICUS.

PUBLIC-HOUSE REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE WOODLANDS, NEAR BRIDGNORTH,
SHROPSHIRE, 26 September, 1895.

SIR,—Does not Canon Leigh's most interesting article in your issue of 21 September rather confuse details with principles? No one will deny that in many details the Swedish system is not wholly satisfactory. But the essence of the scheme is this, that under it the interest of the retail-seller of alcoholic liquor is no longer opposed to that of the public, as it now is in England. So long as the retail trade is in private hands, whether many or few, it is the interest of the seller to sell as much as he possibly can, no matter how bad the result to the public may be. Under the Gothenburg plan, inasmuch as no person makes any private gain out of the retail trade, there is no difficulty in introducing whatever restrictive regulations public opinion will accept and enforce. It is this principle, and this only, which the Public-House Reform Association is fighting for—not for the entire scheme actually at work in Gothenburg or anywhere else.—I am, yours truly,

H. J. TORR.

REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR TYRRELL ON LATIN POETRY.

"Latin Poetry." Lectures delivered in 1893 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in Johns Hopkins University. By R. Y. Tyrrell. London : Macmillan & Co. 1895.

AMONG classical scholars of the first rank there is none who bears the weight of his erudition more lightly than Professor Tyrrell. Combining the learning of the philologist with the critical faculty of a man of letters, he abhors dullness whether in matter or in style, and he has the power of investing with interest subjects which others are certain to dry up by their arid touch. In these lectures he displays his skill in selecting, and he has avoided everything that is dull, everything on which the ordinary popular lecturer would be sure in a perfunctory manner to enlarge. As his object was to give his audience a general idea of the spirit of the chief Latin poets, he was obliged to say a great many things that had been said before ; he could not dwell merely on new views of his own. But he has said old things in a new way, and often in a more interesting way than they had ever been previously set forth ; and he has interspersed critical observations that are entirely novel. One of the most attractive features of the book is the skilful use of English poetry to illustrate Latin, as in the lecture on Lucretius, for instance, where Tennyson's "Two Voices" is referred to as the only other poem besides the "De Rerum Natura" in which an "exquisite marriage of poetry and logic" is achieved with perfect success, and the comparison is reinforced by a very happy translation of a famous passage of Lucretius which begins :

"No more shall look upon thy face
Sweet spouse, no more with emulous race
Sweet children court their sire's embrace.

"To their soft touch right soon no more
Thy pulse shall thrill ; e'en now is o'er
Thy stewardship, Death is at the door."

The lectures on Lucretius and Catullus are probably those which everybody will find thoroughly satisfactory. In some of the others we may regret that Professor Tyrrell has not allowed himself a little more room. For example, the lecture on Virgil is devoted to the Aeneid. We miss a characterization of the charm of the Georgics ; and the remark that "the motto of the Georgics might well be said to be *Ora et labora*" (page 154) only makes us more conscious of the omission. And the Bucolics—pallid beside Theocritus, but full of haunting phrases like *habitarunt di quoque silvas*—perhaps deserved more notice than the quotation on page 146. The admirer of Ovid may grumble that that poet, dismissed in two pages, has been unfairly treated ; and a generous recognition seems due to the consummate art which he displays in the description of Phaethon's career, in the harrowing tale of Philomela, or the idyll of Philemon and Baucis.

The lecture on Horace is that which must excite most interest and will rouse much opposition, for it expounds a revolutionary view of the poet whom the average man of university education knows best, or at least quotes most. Professor Tyrrell is very amusing on "modern Horatio-lattery."

"In an article which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' some time ago, I put forward some views about the relation of Horace to his predecessors, and his sincerity as a love-poet, which evoked in the London Press several letters from country gentlemen and others, who did not even affect for the moment to discuss the truth of the opinions propounded, but heaped abuse on the writer of the article, who was, fortunately for himself, anonymous."

With the main thesis of Professor Tyrrell we are quite in accordance, though in some details we may not agree. But we must observe that Professor Tyrrell is in the unfortunate position of having to combat a false view, of having to pull Horace down from a pedestal on which he should never have been placed. Consequently Professor Tyrrell is unable to assume here the true attitude to Horace's poetry, though he does the most effectual service towards making that attitude possible. Until

Professor Tyrrell's thesis becomes a platitude and ceases to be regarded as the paradox of an iconoclast, men will not do justice to Horace ; it will hardly be possible to appreciate what he was without dwelling on what he was not—on what (we dare to add) we rejoice that he was not. But it is worth while to anticipate the appreciation of the future and praise as the note of Horace a graceful dalliance with the realities of life, with passion and patriotism, with nature and religion, all which things he declines to take seriously. He knew not what it was "to have known love how bitter a thing it is." The goddess of Catullus *qua dulcem curis miscet amaritatem* had never laid hold upon him ; he never lived *sine consilio*, like Propertius. But there is no reason why we should think less of him because he wrote nothing that can be set beside the poems of Sappho and Catullus, nothing that suggests that his soul had ever been shaken by passion, or even trodden beneath "the fire-shod feet of lust." We maintain that Horace challenges no comparison with the lyric priests of love ; and if we are always seeking and regretting virtues which he does not profess to have, we cannot draw from his poems the particular pleasure which they are qualified to give. It is perverse to grumble that the lock of Licymnia can never shine in the same heaven as the Coma Berenices. The aesthetic virtue of Horace's Odes, we repeat, is a graceful dalliance with the realities of life, a charming insincerity. He transports us into a world of light loves which leave no sting ; a world where "Love can stay but a little while" is the first axiom we have to learn. It matters nothing whether Asterie weeps or Lalage laughs, whether we regard Pholoe or Gyges ; we only care that, as they move before us with their fellows, their feet should fall in exquisite rhythm to the sound of the ivory lyre. Penelope and Circe suggest no moral distinction ; as we recline in the shade (*in reducta valle*) we hear their names falling away together in a musical verse—*Penelopen vitreamque Circe*.

When Horace speaks of his *modi parvi* or *spiritus tenuis* he is not ironical ; he simply expresses the deliberate and elaborate slightness which, carried out with "curiosa felicitas," is the essence and charm of his work. He is, more truly than any other poet, "the idle singer of an empty day." When he does for a moment descend to be serious, when he rises at times out of his own atmosphere—*aliquando insurgit*, said Quintilian—he is concerned to do away with any possible serious effects. In the tale of Europe, when he relates how the girl who in the morning had gathered flowers in the meadows of her home

"Nocte sublustrī nihil astra præter
Vidit et undas."

he shows the power of vision which belongs only to the true poet, which we notice, for instance, in Swinburne's line :

"The Thracian ships and the foreign faces." But from this flight we soon descend to the world of Glyceria and Lyde, where the supreme tragedy would be to spoil a white neck—*laedere collum*. Again, when the story of Regulus is told, Horace manages his conclusion in such a way that we may almost forget the hero and the horrible death that awaits him, and instead of our coming away with highly strung nerves it is as if we had been driving securely along the Appian Way to Tarentum. Such is the effect of that musical insignificant line—an instance, we think, of Horace's artistic skill—*aut Lace-dæmonium Tarentum*.

While we fully accept the main idea of Professor Tyrrell's criticism (though we would shift the point of view and ignore what Horace is not, in order to enjoy what he is), and while we agree, too, that Horace's literary judgments are generally perverse, and that he has borrowed much from predecessors, we entirely dissent from a comparison between Horace and Moore, which Professor Tyrrell suggests, recognizing the melodiousness of Horace whom Ovid called *numerous*. To our thinking the dignified art of Horace's graceful Muse is not farther removed from the insipid sentimentality and noisy protestation of Moore's slattern than the certain music of the Latin poet's lyre from the confident jingle of the Irish verse-maker's barrel-organ. The mastery of Horace in achieving musical effects by a subtle management of rhythm and the still subtler art of arranging vowels of different complexion has not

been sufficiently recognized. The spell of such a line as
"Arcanique fides prodiga per lucidior vitro"
is perfectly irresistible; it might seduce an Eleusinian
hierophant to divulge the inviolable secret of the
Mysteries.

Seeking for the chief source of Horace's popularity with the modern world, especially with "English-speaking gentlemen," Professor Tyrrell finds it in the fact that "Horace was essentially a gentleman himself." This is true, but there are other causes also. We may refer to that easygoing philosophy which is so acceptable to the correct selfishness of the average man, and that gentlemanly Bohemianism which has its charm for the respectable citizen. But there is another element, not to be forgotten, which explains why, having cared little for Horace in our youth, we often come back to him in middle-age. He pleases without making that demand on our emotion which is made by a passionate poet like Catullus, or Lucretius, or Shelley. Physiologically the nervous tension is less, or there is no nervous tension at all. In the determination of the higher pleasures of the average man this element counts for much.

Professor Tyrrell's book will be widely read. We may say that it will not only help its readers to appreciate the aesthetic value of the masterpieces of Latin poetry, but will itself yield an aesthetic pleasure through the grace of its author's style and the felicity of his criticisms.

A LIFE OF BLACKIE.

"John Stuart Blackie. A Biography." By Anna M. Stoddart. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

"TO Scots in all parts of the world" Miss Anna Stoddart dedicates her two portly volumes, and it is to that perfervid race to which they will chiefly appeal. Her work is marred by occasional affectations of style, but the general conduct of it, from her own Scotch point of view, is excellent, and she has, to a praiseworthy degree, refrained from excessive eulogy. She may even be blamed, north of the Tweed, for chiliness, although her personal affection and her tender regard for her old friend are manifest in every page. But Blackie, we have never exactly known why, was the object of hysterical admiration among Scotchmen, who wept at the mention of his name in the forests of Guiana and the gold mines of New Zealand. Engineers, in the swamps of the Antilles, would say, "Div yeken Blackie? Mon, he's juist ma deity!" Miss Stoddart, however, is well aware that wicked Southerns rarely shared this enthusiasm, and she makes no undue demands on their admiration. There is a story, which she does not tell, of Blackie standing in front of the fire at the lodge of Balliol, and shouting out, with a roll of the plaid and a toss of the wild white hair: "I should like to know what you Oxford fellows say of me behind my back!" After a moment's pause, Jowett replied, mildly: "We don't mention you at all." We are afraid that was the very *fons et origo* of the Professor's extreme disapproval of England and its universities.

We must say at once that we cannot take Blackie at a Scottish valuation. Miss Stoddart, we feel sure, will not expect us to do so. And from a sober English standpoint, it is very difficult fairly to appraise him. For twenty years past we have occasionally seen him in his meteoric flights. We have heard him talk a world of nonsense and a little sense. We have seen him go down on his knees on the platforms of institutes to kiss the hands of lady-vocalists; he has pinched our knee in friendly punctuation of a loud discourse, as in far-off days he pinched the auguster leg of Thirlwall; we have witnessed the vainglorious swagger, the flourish of the plaid, the quavering burst of song, the thumping and smacking and jogging of dignified persons unaccustomed to such liberties. We have been refreshed, and then dreadfully fatigued by his loose enthusiasm, the clatter of his mind, the innocent libertinism of his intellectual vagaries. We grew at last to wish, we confess it with a sort of shame, that, since they valued him so excessively in Scotland, they would keep him there. We have read Miss Stoddart's lucid narrative with a determination to put prejudice aside, and find out what Blackie's qualities really were.

So far as we have succeeded in this discovery, it appears to us that Blackie's main function in life was to quicken thought by protestation. His positive contributions to literature are of the most ephemeral character. Not even in Edinburgh can they believe him to be a poet; as a translator he was careless and inelegant; his essays in narrative and philosophy no longer exist. As a creator he has left no mark whatever. Nor as a critic of literature is his work, for reasons to which we must presently return, of any permanent value. He was, however, a critic, if we may so put it, of intellectual action. He threw his warm, unabashed personality into the scale whenever an abstract question was to be discussed, and its presence startled, exhilarated, and electrified his auditors. The first interesting incident of his life was his absurd but not unworthy behaviour when he was called, in 1839, to the chair of Humanity at Aberdeen. He signed the Confession of Faith, and then handed in a paper of mental reservations, and wrote a violent letter to the editor of a newspaper, neglecting to say that it was not to be printed, and behaved generally like a blue-bottle fly in a tumbler. But the result was beneficial; it prepared the way for the abolition of Tests in 1853, and such was Blackie's personal force and tenacity of purpose that he lost nothing, but gained immensely by all this fuss.

This wrangling about the Tests gave him the note of conduct he wanted, and we find him continuing to protest against the degradation of Scottish university teaching in Greek, against what he considered "the unnatural division between ancient and modern Greek," against the rigid routine of education, against the cram system of examination, and against all sorts of other barriers to what he considered the humanizing and democratizing of intellectual progress. Sometimes he grew to be very like a scold, and in later years we in England became chiefly conscious of his energy through the tempestuous and injudicious letters, often positively incoherent, which he addressed to the "Times." But in this biography we get a broader and more favourable view of his character. We see that he had a distinct gift in attracting the man in the street to scholarship, that he was really, in his wild way, a genuine humanist at heart, and that he had a singular success in rousing imperfectly cultivated minds to a curiosity in culture. Is it unkind to suggest that it was partly because he himself was imperfectly cultivated?

We have referred to the want of positive value in all his criticism of literature; and we believe that a close examination of his career affords a key to this weakness. We find that with all his extreme cleverness and his fluent proficiency, he was ill-trained. As a youth he hated restraint and the slow drudgery of acquirement. He went from employment to employment too hurriedly to secure any basis of deep scholarship, and when he sobered down to the precise study of his humanities, the hour for the habit of profundity was past. The Greeks recognized a vice of late-learning, what Aristotle calls *ἀψιμαθία*. The man tainted with it was boisterous and inefficient; he argued noisily and clumsily, but ostentatiously; he wanted to have a place in every diversion, in every contest, but he lacked the suppleness and ease of those who had been through the discipline from early youth. This, it seems to us, was the secret of Blackie's failure. He was ardent, clever, even brilliant; he was anxious to excel, and believed that he did excel; but he was *ἀψιμαθής*, the hopeless late-learner. Well on in middle life he wrote: "I hate grammar, logic, rhetoric, law, and all such dry formalisms." This was a strange confession on the part of a professor of that language which more than any other demands what Bacon calls "the severe inquisition of truth."

Of the personal character of John Stuart Blackie we gain a very pleasant impression. He radiated good-nature and the joy of life, and was full of broad human sympathies, to which all classes of his countrymen responded. When Edinburgh people saw him walk along Princes Street with what he used to call his "kingly air"—his head erect, his hair flowing, his stick swinging, his strange raiment flying—they were gratified, for they looked upon him as a national ornament. It is strange to read that his physical appearance was mean and even unpleasing in early life, for he certainly grew

to be as picturesque an old gentleman as these islands contained. He was fully aware of the fact, and he accepted the homage of his dazzled compatriots with perfect geniality. He was indeed a very curious figure, and his acceptance as a great man by the Scotch nation was not the least curious phenomenon which this motley age has produced.

TWO SEASONS IN SWITZERLAND.

"Two Seasons in Switzerland." By Dr. Herbert Marsh, R.N., Member of the Alpine Club. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

DR. MARSH is one of those enthusiastic mountaineering men for whom the higher Alps have an irresistible fascination. Had Providence made him a chamois-hunter, a Swiss herdsman, or a professional guide, he ought to have been nearly perfectly happy with his lot in life. As it is, he happens to be a naval surgeon, and that is no bad training for summer holidays in the Swiss mountains. His health is sound, his foot is sure, he seems to be a stranger to sensations of dizziness, and he has learned to be self-reliant and to temper courage with forethought. He can rough it, if need be, far better than most men; but we never find him neglecting due attention to the commissariat. Were it not for the rational self-confidence which has pulled him through his enterprises, we should say that his courage verged on audacity. He frequently dispensed with guides—sometimes contenting himself with inexperienced porters—on expeditions that were hazardous, if not perilous. But he had generally the good fortune to meet with staunch comrades as keen, independent, and experienced as himself. His book is much to be recommended to climbers of his own stamp, who love to find their way about without going in leading-strings, and who desire to combine adventure with economy. The danger is that, making light of difficulties, it may tempt novices to indiscretions and so lead to casualties.

If this be remembered, the volume will prove a good practical handbook, not only as indicating unfamiliar routes, somewhat in the manner of Baedeker's well-known Guides, but as showing how Alpine expeditions may be carried out at very moderate expense. For expense is a serious consideration to many aspiring athletes who do not care to pay the fancy prices of the tariffs for fashionable guides. As to the pleasures of the pursuit, opinions will necessarily differ. It is not every one who likes to get up at any hour, after 1 a.m., and go forth in faith and hope on the chance of the weather being propitious. Dr. Marsh was difficult to discourage. It often happened that when he had been effectually baffled, and was retracing his steps in disgust, an unexpected breaking of the clouds induced him to try again. Of course, like all other Alpine men, he was frequently disappointed or inadequately rewarded after triumphing with dogged perseverance over a succession of formidable difficulties. The distant view might be obscured by mists, or everything that ought to have been admired was blotted out by unseasonable drizzle. But, as a fact, Dr. Marsh confesses that in scaling the loftiest summits the real enjoyment is in the sustained effort, the sense of doubtful adventure, and the satisfaction at the final victory. For the mountain panoramas are usually seen to greater advantage from heights of relatively moderate elevation. The book is a narrative of two seasons' climbing, and much of its interest is due to the circumstance that Dr. Marsh went industriously to work before the beginning of the regular season. Snow showers were still frequent, and the rocks that under normal conditions would have afforded fairly good footing, were hidden beneath treacherous coverings, and glazed over by night-frosts. The snow cornices overhanging some *Bergschrund* were loosened by the blaze of the midday sun, and avalanches were still falling freely. More perilous were the stone cannonades which swept the *coulloirs* or the snow-slopes that must be crossed. We were going to say that the stones came like discharges of grape shot, but frequently they were boulders of several tons in weight. Dr. Marsh, as we remarked, was in the habit of rising early; yet sometimes the longest summer day was all too short for his adventures.

To do him justice, he did his best to be belated. If he fancied there was time to "get it in anyhow," he would diverge from his route for an ascent of some tempting ridge or splintered *aiguille*. So that when the shades of evening began to settle down he would find himself coasting a glacier on a bank of *moraine*, looking anxiously out for a fragile ice-bridge, or he would be lost in a labyrinth of crevasses and be stopped by a *cul de sac*. But the sweet little cherub sitting aloft, which, according to Dibdin, looks after the life of poor Jack, seems to have extended its guardianship to the daring naval doctor. The peasant porters he picked up were more often hindrances than helps, and in finding his own way without the assistance of hired guides, he occasionally, when time was precious, encountered obstacles which to a less resolute and resourceful mountaineer would have proved insurmountable. Here is an example, although in this case the obstacle presented itself soon after he had started. "We came across a remarkable wall of ice, some thirty or more feet in length, running diagonally across a vast crevasse that stretched away as far as we could see, and over which we had to go, affording an excellent opportunity of testing our individual steadiness, for it was not more than eighteen inches broad at any point, and the depth on either side was profound. Our heads, however, proved equal to the occasion, and we negotiated it without even the semblance of a slip." Another agreeable experience of a different sort was when Dr. Marsh and his companions bivouacked at a height of 12,000 feet on the rocks of the Domjoch. They had no wraps, save some spare underclothing, and the "*gîte*" may be described as an oblong pit in which there was just room for three to crouch, while the fourth "sat on the top of his father." Fortunately the night was calm; at the break of day the half-frozen travellers got up and started for the formidable ascent of the Dom, after cheering themselves with a few mouthfuls of the sour wine of the Valais.

Dr. Marsh apologizes for telling the story of the ascent of the Matterhorn under present conditions. But it is worth reading, by way of contrast to the risky and rather reckless expedition which took him into unexplored solitudes. For now that towering giant of stupendous grandeur and sinister memories has been cockneyed as far as possible—pending the construction of a railway—like the Rigi or the Wengern Alp. The *ascenseur*, indeed, has not yet been introduced, but there are ropes or chains dangling at every turn; and about one place which, as Nature made it, was not a little dangerous to climb, the narrator says tersely and resentfully, "I'll be shot if it hadn't a regular balustrade from top to bottom."

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF IRELAND.

"Pagan Ireland. An Archæological Sketch: a Handbook of Irish Pre-Christian Antiquities." By W. G. Wood-Martin, M.R.I.A. With numerous Illustrations. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

"**S**INCE the publication of Petrie's 'Essay on the Theories of the Origin of the Round Towers of Ireland,'" writes Mr. Wood-Martin, "the progress of archæological investigation has been almost at a standstill; and until the huge mass of undigested matter, now accumulated in the pages of learned societies, has been assimilated, the mere recording of discoveries has perhaps, for the time, gone far enough." Mr. Wood-Martin's erudite book exemplifies this very statement. In its six hundred pages is gathered such a mass of material as quite bewilders the reader. Facts follow upon facts, illustrations upon illustrations, all recorded with wonderful patience and learning, but lacking for the most part in any connecting link of theory. Mere facts and statistics, the details of archæology, serve no purpose of themselves save to satisfy the curious. If we are to make any progress in archæology as a science we must have generalizations. "Practical experience in actual exploration is necessary to form a good archæologist," says Mr. Wood-Martin. Undoubtedly it is so, but a good deal more is requisite. To be able to put his discoveries to any real use an archæologist

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must be equipped with a proper knowledge of geology and palaeontology. It is possibly because Mr. Wood-Martin neglects this aspect of his problem that he is unable to interest us as he should. The mere iteration of cashels, raths, implements, and the like, however carefully they may be mapped and illustrated, tends to weary any save dry-as-dust pedants. As a dictionary in which to delve for facts we know no better book of the sort than this. The infinite patience shown in the work is exemplary, the knowledge is astounding, and the illustrations, indifferently as they are reproduced, are invaluable. Moreover, a most exhaustive bibliography of books consulted by the author, to the number of nearly seven hundred, is appended—in itself a precious aid to students in the science. But we must still demur that the materials are undigested, and that they leave us irritated by an unsatisfied desire for some pregnant generalization to guide us. Mr. Wood-Martin professes to deal with pre-Christian Ireland, and for all he tells us it may be the centuries immediately preceding the introduction of Christianity to which he is alluding. "Pagan Ireland" conveys no idea to the reader except that of an age contemporary with our own rude Saxon forefathers. But, as a matter of fact, the remains which Mr. Wood-Martin investigates date from thousands of years previously. Flint implements were in use, for example, in the Palæolithic age—as far back even as the Tertiary period, which on a very low estimate was 300,000 years ago. Between this Palæolithic age, which was thousands of years before the great Ice-age, and that of Neolithic man, there must have been a gap of a quarter of a million years at the least; but Mr. Wood-Martin makes no distinction between the two periods. The remains he examines are in his eyes all Pagan, and he makes no effort to refer them to any date. Thus he chronicles the fact that man was contemporary in Ireland with the megaceros and the reindeer, but he does not inform us that this must have been in the last period of the Quaternary age, certainly more than 50,000 years ago.

Yet in detail Mr. Wood-Martin is impeccable; and, if he does not attempt to distinguish between Palæolithic and Neolithic flints, or to date the Bronze age, he at least describes accurately how to identify artificial flints by means of the "bulb." From his indefatigable researches we are able to build up for ourselves a fair picture of Irish savagery. The records of middens and raths make it plain that Ireland retained her barbarism long after other races in Europe were comparatively civilized. That cannibalism prevailed among the primitive inhabitants of Ireland is nowise astonishing, for we must be content to accept that melancholy truth for all early races. In Ireland, however, the practice remained till quite a late century. St. Jerome (A.D. 346-420) declared that he himself, when a youth in Gaul, saw the Scotti eating human flesh. St. Jerome had no love for the heathen, but his statement must be taken the more seriously since, if we remember aright, Spenser put on record cases of cannibalism in Ireland, even so late as Queen Elizabeth's time. Undoubtedly the Irish have remained the most backward of Western nations. At the present day the sextons of graveyards take steps to prevent the pillage of tombs by the peasants who thus seek to obtain adipocere for charms. So late as the seventeenth century the Irish were accustomed to use lake-dwellings or "craignogs," as they are called, for refuges in times of trouble; a practice which was derived from the once universal habit of primitive man in the early Neolithic period, that is to say, from 20,000 to 60,000 years ago. Mr. Wood-Martin offers no solution of the problem whether the ancient Irish possessed an alphabet. The question as to the genuineness of Ogham is still open. Ogham, which was a system of writing in straight lines, was said to have been introduced into Ireland by the Phoenicians thirteen centuries before Christ. Certainly in the fifth century A.D. bilingual inscriptions in Ogham and Roman letters existed—a fact which points to an earlier and native use of the former letters. Moreover, Ogham inscriptions have been found in Wales. Mr. Wood-Martin justly calls attention to the means of communication employed by Australian aborigines, who scratch marks upon a stile. In view of this habit on the part of a very inferior race, it is not making too great a demand on faith to suppose

that the Irish employed a more developed system of a similar character. The chapter upon *fictilia* is admirable, especially owing to the numerous illustrations which accompany it. The pottery of the ancient Irish shows a very creditable sense of decoration, and here again we should like to have some idea of the date at which their skill in this art was evolved. Mr. Wood-Martin divides the Irish skulls into two classes—dolichocephalic, represented by the primitive inhabitants; and brachycephalic, represented by two varieties, the Celt and the Norse. Professor Huxley, with his usual caution, refused to draw any inferences from variations of crania, asking if the "variations amongst skulls of a pure race" were not to the full as great as the variation amongst skulls found in Quaternary layers. The probability is that Professor Huxley's attitude in this respect will be adopted sooner or later by all palaeontologists, and the study of crania in the comparatively few specimens of primitive skeletons we possess will be abandoned; but in the meantime it is generally assumed by experts that the ancient Norse skull was of the dolichocephalic type, and not the round-headed, as Mr. Wood-Martin makes out. We cannot close this review without paying a tribute to Mr. Wood-Martin's indefatigable industry. The book is one which no archaeologist can afford to ignore.

THE WORKS OF WERNER VON SIEMENS.

"Scientific and Technical Papers of Werner von Siemens." Translated from the second German edition. Vol. II. Technical Papers. London: John Murray. 1895.

THE practice of publishing in a collected form the scattered writings of eminent leaders in science is becoming increasingly common. In some cases it finds its justification in the intrinsic importance of the papers themselves; and when this is so the publication is occasionally accomplished while the author is still alive to give his work the advantage of revision and comment. The benefit to students is obvious of having the opportunity which such collections afford of seeing a science shape itself under the master's hand. Papers like those of Clerk-Maxwell or Kelvin, of Cayley or Stokes, are too precious to be left in the dusty repose of the "Philosophical Transactions." They are classics, and it is fitting they should be put into a readily accessible shape. They gain by juxtaposition, and it is proper they should be collected. There is more than enough warrant for the reissue of such works, apart altogether from their use as a personal memorial of the men who wrote them. In other cases the main motive of publication is to provide such a memorial, and it is under this head that we should class the collection of Werner von Siemens's numerous scientific and technical writings. To say this is no courtesy to the memory of their distinguished author. Werner von Siemens, like his brother Sir William Siemens, was before all things an engineer. His inventions were more noteworthy than his contributions to philosophy; his applications of science rank much above his additions to it. So far as Germany is concerned, Werner von Siemens was the father of electro-technics. His inventions in telegraphy and in the uses of electricity generally were many, and some of them were of first-rate importance. Not a few of them achieved conspicuous success. For these the world at large owes him much; and it would be difficult to indicate the degree to which German industry in particular is indebted to his initiative. But the fact that he was a man of action rather than of abstract thought deprives his papers of the permanent interest that attaches to the writings of other scientific leaders. As materials for a history of invention they are important; beyond this they offer little to engage the attention of readers, and their usefulness as a personal memorial must be taken as the chief and at the same time very sufficient reason for their collection.

The work is now completed by the publication of Vol. II., which, containing as it does the original accounts of Siemens's many inventions, is the more important of the two volumes. It includes no fewer than eighty-five papers. About forty of these relate to telegraphic matters, and the greater part of the remainder have to

do with other applications of electricity. In telegraphy Siemens was not only a pioneer, but held a leading position throughout his long life. His name is associated with a host of appliances that are still doing good service all over the world. As founder and partner of the great firm of Siemens & Halske he could command, as few inventors can, the means of putting his ideas into practical form, and he had the genius for business that inventors generally lack.

The dynamo-electric machine was the greatest of his works. In a sense, of course, it was an inevitable product of the time : indeed, no fewer than three great men hit independently on the same idea at the close of 1866 or beginning of 1867. The credit of first publication belongs to Siemens, though it is doubtful whether the successful experiments of Wheatstone were not at least as early as his, and in any case the invention had been described, although not published, a month or more before in the provisional specification of Varley. Before that time galvanic batteries had been almost the only means of producing electric current on a large scale—a costly and inconvenient means at the best. It was known, however, that mechanical power could be used to generate electricity in machines employing permanent steel magnets to produce induction in a revolving armature. An ingenious electrician, Henry Wilde, had gone so far as to use a magneto-electric machine of this type to generate the current, which served in its turn to excite the electromagnets of a second machine, the armature of which gave off current for other purposes. But it was reserved for Siemens, Wheatstone, and Varley independently to suggest and put in practice the idea that the current generated by the machine itself might serve to excite its own field-magnets, provided only a small residue of permanent magnetism were present in these to begin with. To a machine designed on these lines the name of dynamo-electric machine was first given by Werner von Siemens. Few inventions have had more important consequences. The dynamo-electric machine made it possible not only to obtain electricity by an easy conversion of mechanical energy, but to obtain it in quantities which were impracticable when batteries were the source. Further, by reversing its function, it gave a ready means of reconvertting electrical into mechanical power. It made electric lighting and the electric distribution of power commercially possible, and was the first step in a progress which has already gone far, and of which it is safe to say that the end is not yet.

THE MALAY.

"Malay Sketches." By Frank Swettenham. London : John Lane. 1895.

"THE Malay," wrote De Quincey in May 1818, "has been a fearful enemy for months ; I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes." After reading Mr. Frank Swettenham's admirable sketches of Malay life and character, it is easy to understand why the Malay was the central figure in De Quincey's wild dreams of Oriental imagery. For even in these days when all things are made plain, and the characteristics of far-off nations are tabulated in every primer, the Golden Peninsula and its people wear, like the faces in Eastern paintings, an air of inscrutable mystery. The impressiveness of China and Japan has been discounted by countless futile books of travel. In Malaya, the ubiquitous traveller, armed with a microscope, an infinite capacity for taking notes, and many shekels to pay for their publication when he comes home, is even in 1895 an unknown quantity. As things are now, Mr. Swettenham justly congratulates himself that the most experienced traveller coming into the peninsula to observe professionally, would not see the things which he who has lived among the people for years *en bon camarade* has seen. You cannot, in his own rather vulgar words, "put a penny in the slot and set in motion the wheels of this barbarous Eastern figure."

Mr. Swettenham is no great literary artist. His style is open to reproach on many counts, particularly on that of mixing tenses in indescribable confusion. Punctuation, too, he seems to think an unnecessary evil, but the lack of it in involved sentences is an

evil to the reader, producing an irritating breathlessness. In fact these sketches are written by a man of action who holds his pen in a way which a master of literary penmanship would be justified in reprehending for its stiffness and awkwardness. Yet we could ill spare Mr. Swettenham's rough descriptions for the elaborate painting of an artist in words. The very literary incapacity of the man makes you marvel the more at the fascination of his book. It would be difficult to recall a single phrase which is memorable from the point of view of style ; but, on the other hand, it would be difficult to forget one of the powerful sensations of reality which each succeeding chapter creates in the mind. All through you are conscious of tropical heat and vertical sunlight ; of birds and beasts and reptiles of strange shapes and cruel habits—foremost the leering crocodile ; of the unfathomable jungle ; of barbarous and capricious superstitions ; of a world separated from ours by a gulf as mysteriously wide as that which yawns between antiquity and modernity. Beyond this feeling which permeates them all, there is no sort of sequence in Mr. Swettenham's pictures. Each one records a distinct feature of Malay life, sometimes in the form of a story, sometimes in the form of a personal experience of the writer. The most striking of the stories is perhaps "A Malay Romance." Twenty years ago the beautiful wife of a Malay Raja was carried off by a quiet and unassuming stranger called Sléman, who seemed to be the last man in the world to accomplish a daring act of any kind. Yet almost single-handed he bore off the woman he loved, and defied the whole country to take her from him. The Malays still talk about her, her wit and beauty and courage, and this is extraordinary in a country where memories are not kept green but are withered before they have grown into legend or song.

Of Malay superstitions Mr. Swettenham has much that is interesting to say. The wide extent of belief in witchcraft may be estimated by the fact that there is a whole class, called "Pawângs," who make it their profession to deal with wizards and people possessed by evil spirits. Of the origin of these spirits there is a legend, dating from a time before the teachings of Islam reached Malaya, which is curious and interesting. When God purposed to make man He took clay and fashioned it into a figure, which He endowed with the spirit of life. But the spirit was too strong, and the body, being only clay, was rent into a thousand fragments and scattered all over the world. These are the *jin*, *hantu*, and *bjang* of the Malays. Then God made another figure, but this time he wrought iron into the clay, which made the body able to withstand the strain of the vital spark, and it became man. This legend is no doubt a survival of the ancient spirit worship of the Malays, as are many customs of the people which the Mohammedan priests dislike but are often obliged to wink at for fear of unpopularity. Christianity has never taken root in the Peninsula. Mr. Swettenham tells a story of a Christian missionary who got hold of an earnest and truthful Malay, apparently a promising subject to begin upon. The missionary told him the story of the Immaculate Conception. The Malay listened to the end, showing great interest in the miraculous narrative of the Blessed Virgin ; then he said, "If that had happened to my wife, I should have killed her."

We have said enough to faintly shadow forth the interest of Mr. Swettenham's book. It is to be hoped that the nauseating yellow cover will not prejudice any one against the treasures inside.

FICTION.

"Lilith." A Romance. By George MacDonald. London : Chatto & Windus. 1895.

FOR wealth of fanciful imaginings few contemporary novelists can compare with Dr. MacDonald. In "Lilith" he has returned to the vein of his delightful Phantasies, and the book is a perfect jungle of exuberant extravagance, complicated with metaphysics, whilst allegory runs in and out of the tangle, and unexpected gay-coloured flowers of digression are seen amidst the thicket of story. The leading idea, a mathematical conception full of romantic possibilities that no one has cared to touch, has been lying unused for years, but to-day is the day of

metaphysical fiction, and Dr. MacDonald has been lucky to secure the first handling of it. Briefly the idea is this. Assuming there are more than three spatial dimensions, then in a space of four or more dimensions any number of three dimensional universes can be packed, just as in a space of three dimensions there is room for any number of plane or two dimensional universes. And one such three dimensional universe might be almost touching another at every point, just as one plane universe might be at an infinitesimal distance from another throughout its extent. Clearly once your born romancer has realized this infinite series of universes, his one desire is to invent a way into some of them. Once there you may do what you like, create such animals and plants as please you, and in all things follow the desire of your heart. In "Lilith" this long-sought way is attained ingeniously enough, and it is needless to say that the universe into which Dr. MacDonald takes his readers is fantastic to wildness and well-nigh past believing. In fact, to be frankly just, it is altogether too fantastic. Dr. MacDonald's critical and constructive faculties are relatively too weak for his fertile imagination, and, as a consequence, he wastes to a large extent his unique opportunity of a realistic wonderland. His book passes into the insanity of dreams, declines to the symbolic and cryptic, ends in an allegorical tangle. Lilith, we humbly submit, had no business in it, nor Adam; the spots of the spotted panther and its war with the white confuse us, the lispings imperfections of the Little Ones irritate. There is imagination enough in this one book to last a common respectable author a lifetime. But for lack of pruning and restraint it seems, beside such work as Poe's, like the many-breasted, many-armed Diana of Ephesus beside the Venus of Milo, an image that is depraved to the hieroglyphic level. Or we may take another view of it, and compare it to a confused theological discussion in carnival dress.

"An Isle on the Water." By Katharine Tynan. London: A. & C. Black. 1895.

Here among the hosts of ladies who write with ease and inelegance, comes a woman artist. "An Isle on the Water" is a collection of fifteen well-conceived and excellently finished Irish stories, for which it would be hard to find anything to say but praise. They are all extremely short for the force of their effect and every touch tells; they are gracefully phrased without an appearance of artifice, subtly expressed without a suspicion of affectation. The preposterous theory recently advanced by an adventurous critic, that the short story must necessarily consist of a single episode in a life, is disproved, if it needed disproving, in this volume. One might as well assert that any picture less than a foot square should represent at most one limb of a human being. Half the stories in this book, and some of the best too, embrace whole lives, "A Solitary," for instance, and "The Sea's Dead." They are lives in cameo. "How Mary Came Home" is as small and perfect in its way, and as richly charged with emotion, as some colophon of Bewick. It occupies seventeen pages of large print, and in the end Mary's sorrow and the reader's are one. To read these stories and to read thereafter the disarticulated novelette chapter of the "Yellow Book" school is to realize the retrogression accomplished by that party of so-called advance. Perhaps the least successful of the bookful is the "Death-Spancel," a story written up to a grim love-charm, the strip of skin peeled from head to heel of one newly dead. It is of a piece with Mr. Lowry's "Torque," weird and effective in its way, but artificial, a sort of fetishism in fiction, and it jars with the sweet reasonableness of the rest of the book. The "Sea's Dead" has, in a lesser degree, the same characteristic.

"Deb O'Mally's." By Mrs. George Corbett. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1895.

"Deb O'Mally's" name causes shuddering forebodings of one of those novels which drive home the "local colour" by means of a dialect mystically correct. "Bur aw thorot theaw mit be lookin' eawt fur thi new felly," says page 10, and we read it with a sinking heart. But after the first chapters, Deb leaves Lancashire, and the reader must be hard to please whom

her future doings fail to interest. How she discovers herself to be the "choance chilt" of a mighty general, and grows dissatisfied with factory-work; how she determines to educate herself till she can meet her father on equal terms and denounce him to his face; how the mere fact of her sitting for a picture makes the artist the success of the year; how her second attempt at fiction-writing makes her a literary power in the land; how her father, by a graceful conceit of the author, proposes to marry her; how she marries a bigamist whom everybody in the book horsewhips in alternate chapters; and how her eyes were violet and her hair like ruddy gold, her skin pearly and her figure peerless; is it not written in two volumes of well-meant inanity and careful phrases? "Mr. Smith officiated as Jehu" is certainly more dignified reading than "Mr. Smith drove." Besides, it all makes for bulk; and "Deb O'Mally's" is drearily, conscientiously bulky.

"Not Exactly." By E. M. Stooke. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1895.

It is with refreshment that we turn to this merry little book, with its sketches of Devonshire village life, and its clever illustrations by Mr. J. Skelton. Young Adam Barloer is landlord to a testy old tenant who pesters him with abusive requests to see to the cleaning-out of a foul well. The old man makes a will in his young landlord's favour, and by throwing it into the well in a water-tight box, compels him to have the water "dipped."

"The Professor's Experiment." By Mrs. Hungerford. London: Chatto & Windus. 1895.

Mrs. Hungerford and her stock of characters we have always with us. This time, the inevitable flirting damsel is a phenomenally innocent country maiden. Apart from the wildly improbable incident which gives the book a misleading title, there is very little to differentiate this last production of the industrious author from her first. Funny man, present tense, schoolboy humour, here they are, all complete. And there are doubtless many who will find them delightful.

"To Set Her Free." By G. M. Robins (Mrs. Baillie Reynolds). London: Hurst & Blackett. 1895.

"A Sin of the Soul." By Lady Fairlie Cunningham. London: Horace Cox. 1895.

The first of these is a lively hodge-podge telling of a detective and his deeds, a country-house party, a beautiful and mysterious young woman, a little anarchy, and various love-makings. The second is the story of a young man of the "gay dog" order—fearful and fascinating to lady novelists. He loses all his money on the turf, marries and ill-treats a rich heiress, ill-treats without marrying a society beauty, and finally gets satisfactorily thrown overboard out of his own yacht by his enraged mother-in-law, who feels "neither remorse nor repentance." We admire her spirit. He had "the fatal gift of beauty," and his eyes were "set too closely together"—two sure indications of a villain. The book does not deserve unmitigated ridicule, however; on the whole, it is a fair bit of work.

SOME RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

"Christianity and Agnosticism." By Henry Wace, D.D. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

"The Oracles of Papias." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

"Bishop Guest: Articles XXVIII. and XXIX." By G. F. Hodges. London: Rivington, Percival & Co. 1895.

"The Guided Life." By George Body, D.D. London: Skeffington & Son. 1895.

"Grace and Godliness; Studies in the Epistle to the Ephesians." By H. C. G. Moule, B.D. London: Seeley & Co. 1895.

THE essays which Dr. Wace has collected in the volume to which he has given the title of "Christianity and Agnosticism," owe their present form to the reprint by Prof. Huxley of some articles of his in the "Nineteenth Century." Many of our readers will, no doubt, remember the controversy which arose out of a paper read by Dr. Wace at the Church Congress held at Manchester in 1888. As a general rule it is not worth while to reprint magazine articles, which so often have but an ephemeral interest; in this case, however, the importance of the matter of the controversy would in itself be a justification; and

apart from that, it is only fair to the Principal of King's College that those who may come across Mr. Huxley's Collected Works should have the opportunity of seeing what was said on the other side of the discussion, without having to search through old magazines. It is well, too, that in an age which is bound continually to recognize and be thankful for the noble work and labour of students of physical science, we should be reminded that, off their own ground, students of physical science cannot claim to speak with authority : too often the patient investigation of facts, the calmness and serenity of temper, which we associate with the scientific habit of mind, seems to be thrown off, and for the *odium theologicum*, which undeniably is apt to distort facts, we have the *odium anti-theologicum*, which ignores them. Prof. Huxley, in his controversial moods, always wrote with force and vivacity ; and Dr. Wace's work has something of that unimpeachable quality which Mr. Matthew Arnold feared would be the note of our literature when men became afraid of too much vivacity : but it is surely more helpful in controversy to be dull than to be unmannerly ; to be able to know precisely what point you are trying to make, and to give your reasons and authorities for so trying, than to evade the issue and make statements which the facts will not bear out. Of the essays in this volume, the first, "On Agnosticism," seems to us the least happy : perhaps the circumstances in view of which it was written were unfavourable ; but the result is poor. For the general reader, the most useful is a paper on "The Historical Criticism of the New Testament," reprinted from the "Quarterly Review" (on page 159, line 14, "first" must be a slip for "second"). Dr. Wace appears to us to be over-cautious in estimating the value of critical theories as to the date and composition of the books of the Old Testament, but his recommendation of "the wisdom of exercising a good deal of patient reserve" is a caution which may be profitably pondered alike by those who cling to traditional views and those who are disposed to reject them.

The volume contains reviews of the late Mr. Cotter Morison's "The Service of Man" and of "Robert Elsmere": both eminently just, if severe. That the latter book had such a success a few years since is an amazing thing to reflect upon. We have always believed that nine out of ten people who read it skipped the theology ; if the tenth was unsettled in his faith, Dr. Wace's review would do him service by showing him that Elsmere did not carry very heavy guns.

We have left ourselves very little space in which to speak of the other books on our list. The anonymous author of the monograph on the oracles of Papias sets out to show that the work of Papias was an explanation of Messianic prophecies, and that the work referred to St. Matthew in the short extract preserved by Eusebius was not, as has been often supposed, the canonical first Gospel, but a collection of such prophecies in Hebrew. This view has certainly the advantage of giving a clear meaning to what Papias says of St. Mark if the right reading of the fragment be *λογίων*, and not *λόγιων*.

Mr. Hodge's little book on Bishop Guest and Articles XXVIII. and XXIX., though slight in appearance, is an interesting and valuable essay which goes a long way to show that the Articles of the English Church were intended to cover a belief in the Catholic doctrine of the real objective presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Not the least valuable thing about the essay is that, in a matter where clear definitions are of the last importance, Mr. Hodges has clearly distinguished and defined the views of the various schools of thought with which Bishop Guest had to deal.

Canon Body's works are too well and widely known to need introduction. The volume before us of meditations given during Lent some years since, and now published, is manly and practical in tone ; the wise words of the preface on direction and directors are timely and very necessary to be spoken and remembered at the present time.

The Principal of Ridley Hall belongs to a very different school of thought from that of Dr. Body, and there could hardly be a greater difference in style between the two men. Mr. Moule's beautiful studies on the Epistle to the Ephesians deserve warm commendation ; they glow with an intense fervour of devotion, and are marked by a wonderfully spiritual insight. If "unction" had not, unfortunately, rather a depreciated meaning nowadays, it is the word which we would soonest use to express the character of this, as of all Mr. Moule's devotional works.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"At the Sign of the Cat and Racket." By H. de Balzac. Translated by Clara Bell, with a preface by George Saintsbury. London : J. M. Dent & Co. 1895.

BALZAC wrote "La Maison du Chat qui pelete" and "Le Bal de Sceaux" when he was thirty. They are among the first of his acknowledged stories, following upon "Les Chouans" and contemporary with the "Physiologie de Mariage." He writes to his publisher in the November of 1829 to say that he is working all day at the "Physiologie" and six hours at night (from nine till two) at the proofs of the "Scènes de la Vie Privée." "La Maison du Chat qui pelete" was published under the title of "Gloire et Malheur," and the change of name indicates all that the critic can say. The story Balzac had to tell was a grand thing, he saw the outlines of the tragedy, they are unerringly

true, and he saw the characters ; but he did not tell the story. However, as a part of his story, he had to describe the father and mother of his heroine, the shop and its ways, and here Balzac was supreme master. The whole place lives for us with an extraordinary fullness of life. How Balzac must have enjoyed this opening to his book, and how we taste the succulent details after him. Balzac's descriptions of a state of affairs are the finest reading in the world ; to follow him when he gets thoroughly into his *voici pourquoi* state is like eating a delicious heart-cheese with cream. It is the life of the shopkeeper and his apprentices which takes its stand in the "Comédie Humaine," not the story of "Gloire et Malheur." In the same way it is the picture of the sordid interior with its card-playing inmates that prints itself on our imagination in the third story of this volume, "La Bourse" ; and in a lesser degree the same thing applies to the studio scene in the fourth, "La Vendetta." The opening of the last story, "Madame Firmiani," shows what Balzac can do when he chooses to be brilliant, and the letter from the adorable woman to her lover is almost as subtle and as beautiful as anything Balzac wrote later. The introduction prefixed to the "Comédie Humaine" in 1842 is not so much a confession from the artist as a grand storm of generalizations and splendid moralizing, which somehow adds an extra glory to the artist's work. It is not a thing in which you can begin to pick holes. There is something constitutionally wrong with the people who after a good knowledge of Balzac do not give themselves over to him—with a last gasp, may be, of recalcitrant despair—heart and soul when he generalizes and moralizes. Such passages, of course, do not read so satisfactorily in the dry light of English prose. But there seems to be a graver mistake in some of Mrs. Bell's sentences ; for instance : "The first of this series . . . forms a link between the Philosophical Studies and Studies of Manners, by a work of almost Oriental fancy. . . ." The incomprehensibility of the portion italicized is not justified by the French, where the word translated "work" is "anneau." Towards the end of the story the translator makes Madame Guillaume say, "He crams you with a pack of tales that are too absurd," which is not at all natural, though no doubt it is difficult to find an equivalent for "Il te fait des contes à dormir debout." Still, it is a pity that something better could not have been found to wind up the delightful outburst of the incredulous bourgeois mother against her artist son-in-law : "And then he tells you he has been to Dieppe to paint the sea. As if any one painted the sea !"

"Angling and How to Angle." By J. T. Burgess. Revised and brought down to date by R. B. Marston. London : Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

Eight-and-twenty years ago the late Mr. Burgess first published this useful little book. Since 1867 the art of angling has advanced so rapidly, and the education of fish has attained so high a standard, that much of the new edition has had to be recast and rewritten. Mr. Marston, the well-known editor of the "Fishing Gazette," has done his work excellently well, and for the average fisherman this handy little volume, packed, as it is, with a store of useful information, is, at the price of half-a-crown, about as good an investment as can be found in the whole range of angling literature. The various fishes of these islands and the best methods of capturing them are shortly yet sufficiently dealt with. All the newest forms of tackle are introduced and discussed. Mr. A. J. Jardine, whose experience of pike and their habits is quite unrivalled, contributes a chapter on pike-fishing, which is thoroughly up to date and cannot fail to be of use even to experienced jack-fishermen. It is worth noting that Mr. Jardine considers "paternostering" the most deadly method of attacking pike. Mr. Marston's treatment of fly-fishing is concise and thoroughly practical ; even the rawest tiro should be able to advance himself somewhat in this difficult art by a careful perusal of the chapters on fishing with the fly. There is a very useful chapter on "Artificial Flies and How to Make Them," and another on "Dry Fly-fishing." Mr. F. M. Walrnan, a well-known expert, contributes an invaluable page or two on "North-Country Flies" ; the twenty varieties mentioned by him form a capital list, not only for the north-country trout and grayling fisher, but for the angler in almost any part of Europe. A chapter on sea-fishing, and various recipes and "tips" for anglers, together with an appendix, complete this useful little book. We have, of course, innumerable works on angling, most of which contain cartloads of information. The labour of searching even half a dozen of the best of these authorities is, however, sufficiently formidable. For a short practical treatise for the beginner, or for the less informed fisherman, "Angling and How to Angle" is to be strongly recommended. There are just two points upon which we join issue with Mr. Marston. We do not believe in iron or steel landing nets. Bitter experience—no less than the loss of an iron-ringed landing net at the bottom of a deep lake, during a magnificent rise of trout—has long since convinced us that the cane or wooden-rimmed variety, which will float, is the only landing net to be relied upon. Nor do we believe in fishing bags as against the old-fashioned wicker creels. The fishing bag, whether it be waterproof, ventilated, or any other kind, invariably bears with it, after a little use, an ancient and fish-like smell, which it is impossible to get rid of. The old wicker creel is easily cleaned and, except in dense thickets, easily carried.

19 October, 1895.

"St. Andrews in 1645-46." By D. R. Kerr. London : Blackwood. 1895.

This little volume contains the essay, by Mr. D. R. Kerr, which, we are not told when, won the prize offered by the Rector of the University of St. Andrews. We gather from a brief preface that it is printed in its present form at the expense of the present Rector, Lord Bute. The whole book consists of a historical introduction, an account of the city, and one of the treaty and the parliament. In December 1644, Montrose had ravaged Argyleshire, and the previously victorious MacCullum More had to seek safety in flight. The Scottish Convention met at Edinburgh in January, and Montrose was denounced as a traitor. The most interesting incident was the discovery of some letters written by Charles I. disclosing his designs on Scotland. The king always contrived, like a true Stuart, to discourage his own followers just at the crucial moment. "Nevertheless Montrose continued to maintain his sovereign's losing cause," and the essay deals with the subsequent events, so far as they concerned Scotland and St. Andrews in particular, down to the close of the so-called parliament of 1646. Mr. Kerr combats the accusation commonly made and believed, that "the Scots sold their king." He is so far right that the sum of £200,000 had been claimed before the king put himself into their hands, but we may safely doubt that the English, even though they acknowledged their debt, would have paid it just then but for the complaisance of the Scots in handing Charles over to them and their tender mercies. The whole essay is well worth reading, whether we agree with it all or not; and it is at least satisfactory that a modern Scot should endeavour to remove from the shoulders of his countrymen the atrocious crime of which most of us consider them guilty. If Charles was not sold for £200,000, he was sold for prompt payment.

"Cratfield Parish Papers." By W. Holland. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1895.

Parochial histories are always welcome and sometimes valuable. In any case, they generally contain those unconsidered trifles of which history is built up. No old parish is without an interesting, curious, useful, and instructive series of events, connecting it with and throwing light upon the state of the whole country. Every entry may be a stepping-stone in knowledge, to some in one way, to some in another; but always helping the careful student forward. A mere transcript of the old registers of a remote and forgotten country parish is not without its use; but when we come upon a volume of accounts, dating between 1490 and 1642, we expect much new information, and possibly some also on subjects which have previously been found puzzling. In Canon Raven's "Introduction" to the compilation of his "dear, dead friend," Mr. Holland, he observes that "few suspect the importance of those documents which are lying entombed in the parish chests of England"; and he adds, with some pardonable bitterness, that in too many cases clergy and laity alike have suffered such records to be sold for waste paper or burnt. In this they had the example of their betters. The authorities at the Tower of London, about 1840, sold off all the old records relating to the regalia and many other most important papers; and from the few that were almost accidentally rescued by Coles, we can judge but too surely of their transcendent value. "Cratfield," says Canon Raven, "is about as unknown a place as one could well find," yet, in his opinion, its history is "but the type and figure of the history of most English parishes." It lies in Suffolk, in the Eye division, a few miles south-west of Halesworth, and is seldom visited by tourists and travellers. The Introduction, like all Canon Raven writes, is extremely interesting, but we regret to see him misuse an Italian phrase on page 14. Speaking of Mr. Holland's labours, he says that in these notes "the history of the English nation *in petto* will be found to tell itself." Altogether, this is a valuable contribution to parochial history, and forms the best possible monument to the memory of the compiler.

"Pages from the Day Books of Bethia Hardacre." By Ella Fuller Maitland. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

Miss Fuller Maitland has chosen a serious task for herself, which is to render the garrulous and inconsequent reflections of a young woman interesting. That she succeeds in holding the reader's attention for more than a few pages at a time is something to her credit; but we confess that three hundred pages of diary seems a preposterous amount of sack to the bread of its philosophy. If, however, Bethia Hardacre's amiable meanderings be taken piecemeal, they will be found very pleasant and even informed in parts with a gentle humour. Miss Fuller Maitland has obviously a library of curious old books, for she is fond of dipping into them; especially is she devoted to old herbaries, and many a quaint old-world quotation and recipe does she furnish up for us. "Take of myrra a scruple, musk the like quantity, oyle of Nutmeg the like, infuse them in Rose-water, and with it sprinkle your banqueting preparations, and the scent will be as pleasant as the taste." It sounds a trifle exotic, but we should not at all mind the experiment, if only in deference to our forefathers. There is plenty of this in the book, which fact may create a value for it in the eyes of the curious. There are also patches of idle verse, for which we can say little; as specimens of Bethia's muse they are inoffensive

and well rhymed, and perhaps one ought not to expect more in a young lady. Miss Fuller Maitland has quite a pretty style of her own in prose, and she wears her philosophy with an old-fashioned air which is very dainty to witness. In fact, we can recommend "Bethia Hardacre" to any one with a good deal of leisure, no desire of excitement, and a taste for the study.

"Facts about Processes, Pigments, and Vehicles." By A. P. Laurie, M.A., B.Sc. London : Macmillan & Co. 1895.

It is a little difficult to see for what public exactly this book was written. The art student will not and should not take the trouble to make even elementary chemical experiments with his colours and things, at any rate as long as Mr. Laurie is here to tell him the facts, practical tips which the art student is quite willing to take on trust from such an authority. To put the objection shortly, we do not know for whom the picture of the man using a blow-pipe (page 58) was inserted. Many of the facts, however, are very useful, especially those about white lead and sulphate of lead and the proper use of bitumen as a very thin glaze. It would have been good if Mr. Laurie could have told us a little more about such technical mysteries as glazes. The chapter on process is necessarily very short.

"Hans Breitmann in Germany (Tyrol)." By C. G. Leland. London : Fisher Unwin. 1895.

Here is Mr. Leland back in his own kingdom, and speaking his own proper language again, "dot is to say, Pidgin English mit German gemixt, and midout any boddors of grammar or shbelling or syntaxes," and, thank Heaven! he has not forgotten a particle of its subtle delicacies. It is all entertaining and some of it is delicious, and what more can a respectable reviewer say? Is not Mr. Leland's introductory confession of a printer's error, which he has *gemakt* somewhere in all this bookful of inordinate jargon in itself sufficient to melt the most adverse critic? Fancy hunting that printer's error! It is a book worthy of Hans Breitmann, and that surely should send the intelligent reader to get it without further parley.

"All Expenses Paid." London : Constable & Co. 1895.

This is a foolish and anonymous little book of pointless waggery, probably written by a schoolboy. For no earthly reason that we can imagine, the author has described how a millionaire lent yacht and paid the charges for thirteen minor poets (who are named and described) to visit Parnassus, how they went, how they clambered up to the gods, and how they came down again. The possibilities of satire and parody are obvious enough, but the writer never fails to miss them, and the whole performance is irritatingly dull. We would discountenance the author from further essays in literature.

"For the Good of the House." By the Rev. Charles Courtney. London : Religious Tract Society. 1895.

This is a highly glazed bookful of tracts, admirably suited to the taste and intelligence of the benevolent old people who buy and distribute this kind of matter. It is published by the Religious Tract Society, and illustrated with antiquated clichés, to which the letterpress has apparently been written. We cannot imagine intelligent working men reading this sort of stuff.

We have also received: "Catalogue of the Library of the Royal Geographical Society" (Murray); "Modern Horseman ship," second edition, by Edward L. Anderson (Edinburgh : David Douglas); "Natural History of Selborne," with the text and new letters of the Buckland Edition, Introduction by John Burroughs, and illustrations by Clifton Johnson, two vols. (Macmillan); Vols. XIV. and XV. of Archibald Constable's "Waverley Novels"; "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "A Legend of Montrose"; George Eliot's "Middlemarch," Vol. II. (W. Blackwood); Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," Vols. I. and II. (Macmillan); "The Natural History of Plants," by Kerner and Oliver, part 16 (Blackie); "Bibliographie Franco-Roumaine du XIX^e Siècle," par Georges Beugesco, tome 1 (Bruxelles : Paul Lacomblez); "Tragico-Comædia de Sancto Vedasto," edited from Manuscripts at Arras by W. Sparrow Simpson, D.D., F.S.A.; and "Carmina Vedastina," collected and edited by W. Sparrow Simpson (Elliot Stock); second enlarged edition of Algernon Taylor's "Memories of a Student" (Simpkin, Marshall).

LITERARY NOTES.

THE Rev. C. H. Simpkinson, M.A., author of "The Life and Times of Laud," has undertaken to write a Memoir of Dr. Thorold, the late Bishop of Winchester, and Messrs. Isbister & Co. will publish the work.

The veteran aeronaut, Mr. Henry Coxwell, has written a story, to be published shortly by Messrs. Digby, Long & Co., entitled, "A Knight of the Air," which he has dedicated to Sir William Ingram, Bart.

Mr. George Borrow's "The Bible in Spain," revised by the late Mr. Ulrick Burke, who contributed notes and a glossary,

and embellished with etchings by Manesse, will be published before long by Mr. Murray.

The forthcoming volume of collected articles contributed to the monthly reviews and magazines by Mr. A. C. Benson, will include an unpublished study of William Blake. The book, entitled "Essays," will be issued by Mr. Heinemann.

To Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.'s forthcoming volume, "National Rhymes of the Nursery," which is illustrated by over 150 original drawings by Gordon Browne, Mr. George Saintsbury, the newly appointed Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, contributes an Introduction.

Though the works of that egregious person, Miss Marie Corelli, are much in vogue in certain high places, "reviewers," as a general rule, have failed to recognize any claim in the books of the author of "Barabbas" to be regarded as literature, a circumstance that no doubt accounts for the announcement that no copies of her new work, "The Sorrows of Satan," which Messrs. Methuen will have ready on Monday, are to be sent out for review.

One of the forthcoming volumes which is certain to occasion as much hostile criticism as appreciative notice is the story of his military career in India which Lord Roberts has just completed. While extremely popular with a large portion of the army and throughout the country, an influential group of officers consider that the military talent of the Commander of the Forces in Ireland has been somewhat overrated. "Forty-one Years in India" will be the title of Lord Roberts's work, which will extend to two volumes, and be published by Messrs. Bentley & Son.

The reiterated announcements in some quarters of late that a new book by "Ian Maclaren" (otherwise Rev. John Maclaren Watson, of Liverpool) will appear early next month, suggests the distinction between the work of this story-writer and that of Mr. J. M. Barrie. Possessing a finer appreciation of the subtle beauty of the Scottish dialect, Mr. Barrie is an incomparably superior artist, and he does not obtrude his personality in his work to the extent of several of his literary compatriots. The author of the inimitable "Window in Thrums," too, is conscious of his limitations; for when, at the repeated solicitation of his journalist friends, he consented some time ago to write the Life of the late Alexander Russel, of the "Scotsman," he immediately relinquished the task when he perceived that biographical work lay altogether outside his particular sphere of work.

A Literary Supplement will appear with our issue of 26 October. Advertisements intended for insertion in that number should be sent to the Manager as soon as possible.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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